# The Microcosm

## 1910

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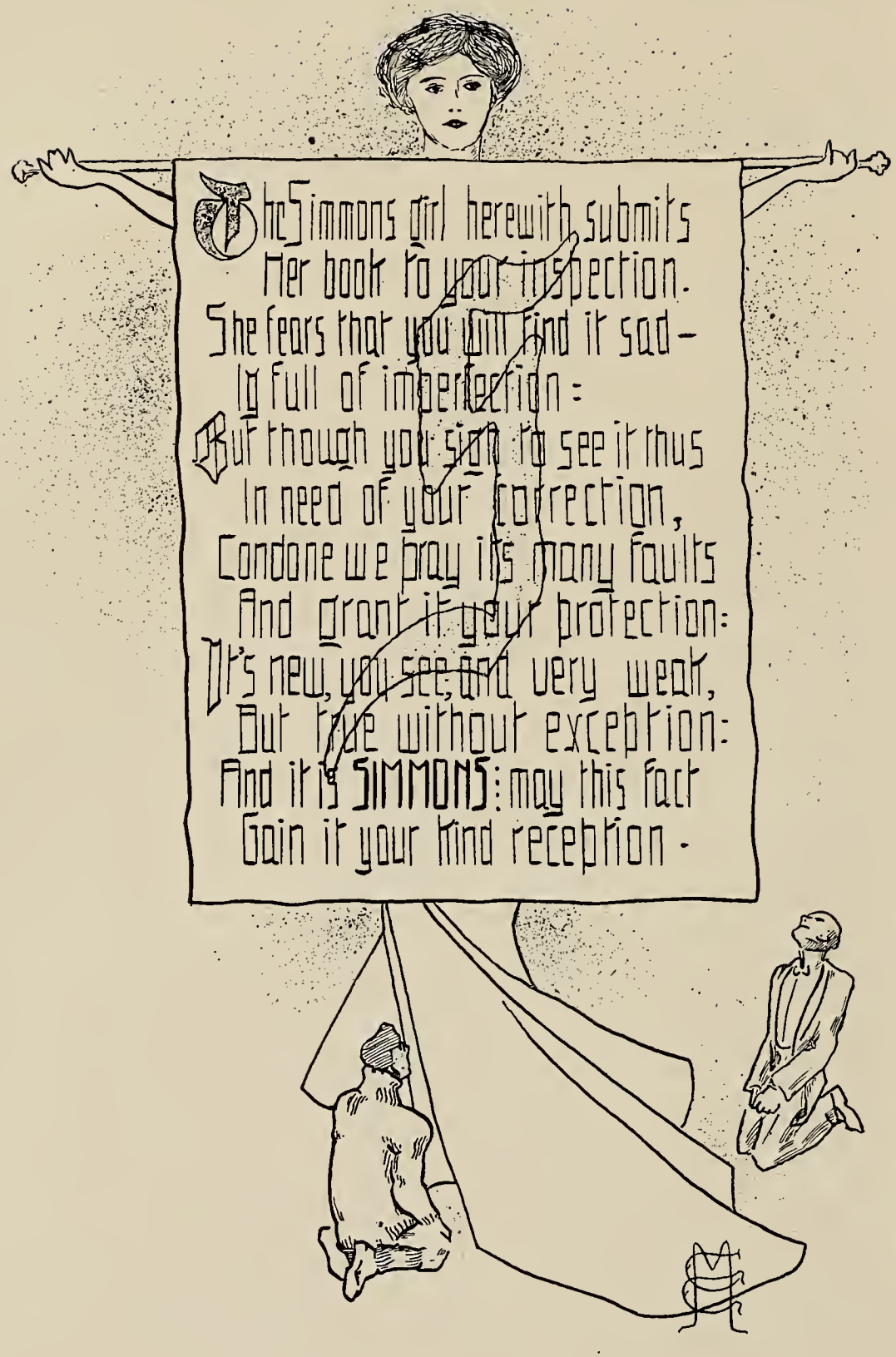
# THE MICROCOSM

THE SIMMONS COLLEGE ANNUAL
PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS OF
SIMMONS COLLEGE
BOSTON MASSACHUSETTS

VOLUME ONE

SIMMONS COLLEGE
BOSTON MASSACHUSETTS
1910


The Simmons girl herewith submits
Her book to your inspection.
She fears that you will find it sad-
ly full of imperfection:
But though you sigh to see it thus
In need of your correction,
Condone we pray its many faults
And grant it your protection:
It's new, you see, and very weak,
But true without exception:
And it is SIMMONS: may this fact
Gain it your kind reception.

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The Andover Press
Andover, Massachusetts

# CALENDAR

## 1909-1910.

### 1909

| | |
|---|---|
| Sept. 13-18 | Entrance examinations. |
| Sept. 20, 21 | Registration and condition examinations. |
| Sept. 22 | Opening of the college year. |
| Nov. 24-Nov. 29 | Thanksgiving recess. |
| Dec. 21 | College closes at noon. |

CHRISTMAS VACATION

### 1910

| | |
|---|---|
| Jan. 4 | College opens at 9 A.M. |
| Feb. 5 | End of the first term. |
| Feb. 7 | Opening of second term. |
| Feb. 22 | Washington's birthday, a holiday. |
| Mar. 24 | College closes at noon. |

SPRING VACATION

| | |
|---|---|
| April 5 | College opens at 9 A.M. |
| April 19 | Patriots' Day, a holiday. |
| May 30 | Memorial Day, a holiday. |
| May 31-June 10 | Final Examinations. |
| June 15 | Commencement Day. |
| June 20-25 | College Entrance Board Examinations. |
| July 15 Aug. 13 | Summer Library class. |

# Corporation

HENRY LEFAVOUR, PH.D., LL.D., Boston, *President.*

HORATIO APPLETON LAMB, A.B., Milton, *Treasurer*

JOHN WASHBURN BARTOL, A.B., M.D., Boston, *Clerk.*

FRANCES BAKER AMES, Boston.

FRANCES ROLLINS MORSE, Boston.

EDGAR HAMILTON NICHOLS, A.B., Cambridge.

WILLIAM THOMPSON SEDGWICK, PH.D., SC.D., Brookline.

JOSEPH BANGS WARNER, A.M., LL.B., Cambridge.

MARY MORTON KEHEW, Boston.

GEORGE HENRY ELLIS, West Newton.

MARION MCGREGOR NOYES, A.M., Winchester.

GUY LOWELL, A.B., S.B., Brookline.

ROBERT TREAT PAINE, 2D, A.B., Brookline.

MARY ELEANOR WILLIAMS, Brookline.

# The Faculty

HENRY LEFAVOUR, Ph.D., LL.D., *President.* Williams, '86; LL.D., Williams, '02, Tufts, '05.

Additional course, University of Berlin.

Instructor in Williston Seminary; Professor and Dean of Williams College; President of Simmons College from 1902.

Phi Beta Kappa, Trustee Williams College, Trustee Boston State Hospital, Colonial Society of Massachusetts, American Academy of Arts and Sciences, New England Historic Genealogical Society, American Association for the Advancement of Science, American Sociological Society, American Political Science Association, American Academy of Political and Social Science. Director Hale House Association, Executive Committee North Bennet Street Industrial School, St. Botolph Club, Boston City Club, City Club of New York.

SARAH LOUISE ARNOLD, A.M., *Dean and Director of the School of Household Economics.* State Normal School, Bridgewater, Mass.; A.M., Tufts, '02.

Principal of High School, Lisbon, N. H.; Principal of Schools, St. Johnsbury, Vt., Principal of Training School, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.; Supervisor of Schools, Boston, Mass.; Dean of Simmons College from 1902.

Author of *Stepping Stones to Literature* with Supt. C. B. Gilbert, St. Paul, Minn., 1897; *The Mother Tongue* with Professor George L. Kittredge, Harvard University, 1900; *Manual of Composition* with Professor Kittredge and Professor Gardiner, Harvard University, 1902; *Waymarks for Teachers*, 1894; *With Pencil and Pen; Reading: How To Teach It*, 1889.

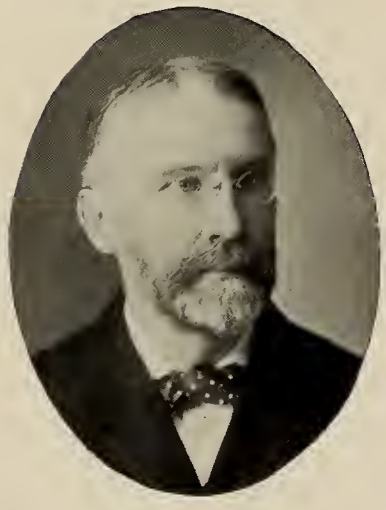
Member of Massachusetts State Board of Education; National Council of Education, N. E. A.; Chairman New England Association of Home Economics.

JAMES F. NORRIS, A.B., Ph.D., *Professor of Chemistry and Director of the School of Science.* A.B., Johns Hopkins University, '92; Ph.D., Johns Hopkins University, '95.

Assistant Professor of Organic Chemistry, M. I. T.; Professor Chemistry from 1904.

Author of about thirty papers on Inorganic Chemistry and Organic Chemistry in American and German Chemical Journals.

Phi Beta Kappa, Technology Club, American Academy of Arts and Sciences, American Chemical Society, Die Deutsche Chemische Gesellschaft.



ALFRED BULL NICHOLS, A.B., *Professor of German.* A.B., Yale, '80.

FRANK EDGAR FARLEY, A.B., A.M., Ph.D., *Professor of English.* A.B., Harvard University, '93; A.M., Harvard University, '94; Ph.D., Harvard University, '97.

Assistant in English, Harvard University; Assistant in English, Radcliffe; Instructor in English, Haverford; Professor of English, Syracuse University; Professor of English Simmons from 1903.

Author of *Scandinavian influences in the English Romantic Movement,* 1903; editor of *Milton's Paradise Lost,* 1898.

JEFFREY A. BRACKETT, A.B., Ph.D., *Associate Professor of the Theory and Practice of Philanthropic Work, and Director of the School for Social Workers.* A.B., Harvard University, '83; Ph.D., Johns Hopkins University, '89.

President Department Charities of Baltimore, Md.; President National Conference of Charities and Correction; Director of School for Social Workers, Boston, from 1904.

Author of *Supervision and Education in Charity,* 1901.

Massachusetts State Board of Charity.

REGINALD RUSDEN GOODELL, A.B., A.M., *Associate Professor of Romance Languages.* Bowdoin.

Additional courses, Johns Hopkins University, The Sorbonne, Grenoble, L'Alliance Française.

Instructor at Bowdoin; Instructor at M. I. T.; Associate Professor from 1902.

Editor of *L'Enfant Espion and Other Stories.*

Delta Kappa Epsilon, Phi Kappa Phi, Technology Club, Modern Language Association, Salon Français de Boston.

EDWARD H. ELDRIDGE, A.M., Ph.D., *Associate Professor of Secretarial Studies and Director of the School of Secretarial Studies.* Temple University, Philadelphia; A.M., '03; Ph.D., '08.

Additional courses, Amherst, Chicago University, University of Pennsylvania.

Secretary to College President; Professor of Psychology, Temple College (now University); Director School of Commerce, Temple College; Director School of Secretarial Studies, Simmons, from 1902.

Author of *Hypnotism,* 1902; *Dictation Exercises,* 1910.

MARY ESTHER ROBBINS, *Assistant Professor of Library Science, Director of the School of Library Science, and Librarian.* New York State Library School, 1892.

Librarian New Britain Institute, New Britain, Conn.; Head Cataloguer, University of Nebraska, Lincoln, Neb.; Library Organizer for five years in various libraries; Director of Library School, Simmons, from 1902.

Author of articles in technical magazines.

Member of the Council of the American Library Association, Fellow of the American Library Institute, Treasurer Mass. Library Club.

MARIA WILLET HOWARD, *Assistant Professor of Household Economics.* Thayer Academy, Braintree, Mass.

KENNETH L. MARK, A.B., A.M., Ph.D., *Assistant Professor of Chemistry.* Harvard, A.B., '98; A.M., '00; Ph.D., '03.

Assistant in Chemistry, Harvard University; Instructor in Chemistry, Simmons; Assistant Professor from 1906.

Author of *Thermal Expansion of Gases.*

Delta Upsilon, American Chemical Society.

LESLIE LYLE CAMPBELL, A.M., Ph.D., *Assistant Professor of Physics.* Washington and Lee; Harvard University.

Professor of Physics, Westminster College; Assistant Professor, Simmons, from 1905.

Author of *Thermal and Electrical Properties of Metals* in *Proceedings of American Academy of Arts and Sciences; Thermomagnetic Effect in Soft Iron, Physical Review.*

Member of American Physical Society, Fellow of American Association for the Advancement of Science, Member National Geographical Society, Member Mathematical and Physical Club, Associate Member Eastern Association of Physics Teachers.

SUSAN M. KINGSBURY, A.B., A.M., Ph. D., *Assistant Professor of History and Economics.* University of the Pacific, California, '90; A.M., Leland Stanford Junior University, '99; Ph.D., Columbia University, '05.

Teacher of History, San Francisco Lowell High School; Instructor in History, Vassar College; Director of Investigation for Commission on Industrial Education.

Author of *Introduction to the Records of the Virginia Company; Relation of Children to Industry* in *Report of Massachusetts Commission on Industrial Education.*

Kappa Alpha Theta, General Committee of American Historical Association, Council of New England History Teachers Association.

MARY E. PARKER, A.B., A.M., *Assistant Professor of the Principles and Practice of Teaching.* Wellesley College, '88; A.M., University of Pennsylvania, '98; A.M., Radcliffe, '99.

Assistant, Gardner, Mass., High School; Supervisor in public schools of Altoona, Pa., and Syracuse, N. Y.; Assistant Professor from 1905.

National Education Association, Association of Collegiate Alumnae, New England College Teachers of Education, Social Education Club, Harvard Teachers Association, Twentieth Century Club.

PERCY GOLDTHWAIT STILES, S.B., Ph.D., *Assistant Professor of Physiology.* Massachusetts Institute of Technology, '97; Ph.D., Johns Hopkins University, '02.

Instructor Bellevue Medical College; Instructor, M. I. T., from 1903; Assistant Professor, Simmons, from 1907.

Author of sundry scientific papers.

Society of Experimental Biology and Medicine, American Physiological Society.

ERNST HERMANN PAUL GROSSMAN, A.B., *Assistant Professor of German.* Berlin Normal College; A.B., Harvard '02.

Instructor at Harvard University; Assistant Professor, Simmons.

ORLANDO C. MOYER, B.C.S., *Assistant Professor of Secretarial Studies.* New York University, School of Commerce, Accounts and Finance.

Additional course, University of Pennsylvania.

Instructor New York University, School of Commerce, Accounts and Finance; Secretary to Dean of New York University, School of Commerce, Accounts, and Finance; Assistant Professor, Simmons, from 1905.

Profession, Certified Public Accountant of Massachusetts.

Fellow, Incorporated Public Accountants of Massachusetts; Fellow, American Association of Public Accountants.

CHARLES MARSHALL UNDERWOOD, JR., A.B., A.M., Ph.D., *Assistant Professor of Romance Languages.* Harvard, '00; A.M., Harvard, '01; Ph.D., Harvard, '05.

Additional courses, University of Paris, University of Grenoble.

Instructor, Harvard University, Dartmouth College, University of Cincinnati; Instructor, Simmons, 1907; Assistant Professor, Simmons, from 1908.

ARTHUR IRVING ANDREWS, A.B., Ph. D., *Assistant Professor of History.* Brown University, '01; Ph.D., Harvard, '05.

Assistant in History, Harvard University; Instructor in History, Simmons, 1906; Assistant Professor from 1909.

Delta Upsilon, American Historical Association, American Political Science Association, Institute de Carthage.

FREDERIC AUSTIN OGG, A.M., Ph.D., *Assistant Professor of History.* DePauw University; A.M., University of Indiana, '00; A.M., Harvard University, '04; Ph.D., Harvard University, '08.

Instructor in History, University of Indiana; Assistant in History, Harvard University; Instructor in History, Simmons, 1905; Assistant Professor from 1909.

Author of *The Opening of the Mississippi,* 1904; Editor of *Fordham's Personal Narrative of Travels in the West,* 1906; *A Source Book of Mediaeval History,* 1908.

Beta Theta Pi, Phi Beta Kappa, Boston City Club, Authors' Club (London), American Historical Association, American Economic Association.

JAMES HOLLY HANFORD, A.B., Ph.D., *Assistant Professor in English.* University of Rochester, '04; Ph.D., Harvard, '09.

Instructor in High School, Rochester, N. Y.; Assistant in English, Harvard; Assistant Professor, Simmons, from 1909.

Psi Upsilon.

HESTER CUNNINGHAM, A.B., *Secretary.* Radcliffe College, '99.

Private Secretary; Teacher in Private School; Secretary of the Faculty and Instructor in English, Simmons, from 1906.

# Instructors

S. MARIA ELLIOTT, *Instructor in Household Economies.*

Courses at Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Harvard Summer Schools, Teachers' School of Science.

Instructor in public schools of Providence and Boston, in summer schools, in School of Housekeeping; Instructor, Simmons, from 1902.

Author of *Household Bacteriology, Household Hygiene, Chemistry of Cooking and Cleaning* (with Mrs. Ellen H. Richards); pamphlets and articles in various magazines on Household Economics.

American Home Economics Association, New England Home Economics Association, Teachers' School of Science, Health Education League, M. I. T. Women's Association.

SAMUEL CATE PRESCOTT, S.B., *Instructor in Bacteriology.* Massachusetts Institute of Technology, '94.

Associate Professor, Massachusetts Institute of Technology; Director, Boston Bio-Chemical Laboratory; Instructor, Simmons.

*Enzymes and Their Application; Elements of Water Bacteriology.*

Technology Club, Society of American Bacteriologists, American Chemical Society, Associate Editor, *Centralblatt fur Bakteriology.*

ALICE FRANCES BLOOD, S.B., *Instructor in Chemistry.* Massachusetts Institute of Technology, '03.

Additional courses at Yale University.

Assistant at Massachusetts Institute of Technology; Instructor, Simmons, 1904-1908.

American Chemical Society, Association of Collegiate Alumnae, American Association of Home Economics.

ALICE NORTON DIKE, B.L., *Instructor in Household Economies.* Smith, '96.

Additional courses, Harvard Summer School, M. I. T., School of Housekeeping.

Instructor, Robinson Seminary, Exeter, N. H.; Instructor, School of Housekeeping; Instructor, Simmons, from 1902.

MARGARETA ELWINA MITZLAFF, *Instructor in German.*
Teachers' College in Germany.
Additional course, Radcliffe College.
Instructor, Wellesley; Instructor, Simmons.

CAROLINE JEWELL COOK, A.B., LL.B., *Instructor in Commercial Law.*

EVA LOUISE MARGUERITE MOTTET (Brevet Supérieur), *Instructor in French.* College of Montbéliard, France.
Additional course, Romance Philology.
Instructor, Wellesley; Instructor, Simmons, from 1903.

ZILPHA DREW SMITH, *Instructor in Philanthropic Work.* Boston Normal School.

General Secretary Associated Charities of Boston; Instructor, Simmons, from 1904.

Occasional papers in proceedings of National Conference of Charities. "A study of deserted wives and deserting husbands."

Monday Evening Club, Conference Case Committee of Day Nurseries.

FRANCES SEDGWICK WIGGIN, B.L., *Instructor in Library Science.* University of Wisconsin.
Additional courses at Pratt Institute Library School.
Librarian of Colorado College; Instructor, Simmons, from 1904.

EDITH ARTHUR BECKLER, S.B., *Instructor in Biology.* Massachusetts Institute of Technology, '02.
Instructor, Simmons, from 1904.

JUNE RICHARDSON DONNELLY, S.B., B.L.S., *Instructor in Library Science.* University of Cincinnati, '95; N. Y. State Library School, '07.

Cataloguer, Cincinnati Public Library; Instructor, Simmons, 1905-1910; Director Library School, Drexel Institute, from 1910.

Phi Beta Kappa, American Library Association, Penn. Library Club, Keystone State Library Association, Executive Committee Keystone State Library Association, N. Y. State Library School Association.

MYRA COFFIN HOLBROOK, A.B., A.M., *Instructor in English.* Vassar, '94; A.M., Wesleyan University, '99.

Instructor, Simmons, from 1905.

ALICE MAY KIRKPATRICK, A.B., *Instructor in Chemistry.* Wellesley, '99.

Additional courses, University of Missouri, Harvard Summer School.

Instructor in private schools; Christian College, Columbia, Mo.; Instructor, Simmons, from 1903.

College Club, Association Collegiate Alumnae, Boston Wellesley Club.

HELEN JACKSON, A.B., S.B., *Instructor in Secretarial Studies.* Mt. Holyoke, '00; S.B., Simmons, '07.

Additional course in University of Pennsylvania.

Instructor, Simmons, from 1904.

JANE BOIT PATTEN, S.B., *Instructor in Biology.* Massachusetts Institute of Technology, '06.

Additional courses at Hochschule, Dresden, Germany; Marine Biological Laboratory, Woods Hole.

Instructor, Simmons, from 1906.

ELIZABETH ALLISON STARK, A.B., S.B., *Instructor in Secretarial Studies.* Wellesley, '95; S.B., Simmons, '07.

Assistant Registrar, Wellesley College; Instructor, Simmons, from 1906.

GERTRUDE WILLISTON CRAIG, *Instructor in Typewriting.* Pratt Institute.

Secretary to President National Biscuit Co.; Secretary to Advertising Manager, Review of Reviews; Instructor, Simmons, from 1907.

HARRY WORTHINGTON HASTINGS, A.B., A.M., *Instructor in English.* Brown, '04; A.M., Harvard, '06.

Instructor, Williamsport High School; Assistant, Brown University; Instructor, Simmons, from 1907.

Chi Phi.

ARTHUR STONE DEWING, A.B., A.M., Ph.D., *Instructor in Psychology and Ethics.* Harvard, '02; A.M., Harvard, '03; Ph.D., Harvard, '05.

Assistant in Philosophy, Harvard College; Instructor, Simmons, from 1907.

Papers in Journal of Philosophy; *Introduction to History of Modern Philosophy;* Laboratory note-books in Chemistry, Botany, Zoology, Physiology; *Life as Reality.*

LAURA FISHER, *Instructor in the Psychology of Child Life.* St. Louis Kindergarten Training School.

Additional courses, Massachusetts Institute of Technology; Columbia University.

Supervisor St. Louis Kindergartens; Principal, Training School for Kindergartners, Boston; Director of Public Kindergartens, Boston, Mass.; Instructor, Simmons, from 1907.

Essays on kindergarten in various magazines; *The Kindergarten in America; The Kindergarten and the Primary Schools.*

Women's Educational Association, Eastern Kindergarten Association.

ISADORE GILBERT MUDGE, Ph.B., B.L.S., *Instructor in Library Science.* Cornell University, '97; B.L.S., N. Y. State Library School, '00.

Reference Librarian and Assistant Professor of Library Economy, University of Illinois; Librarian, Bryn Mawr College; Instructor, Simmons, from 1910.

*A Thackeray Dictionary,* joint author with M. E. Sears.

Kappa Alpha Theta, Phi Beta Kappa, American Library Association, American Bibliographical Society, N. Y. Library Club.

AMY M. SACKER, *Instructor in Decoration and Design.*

CLARA DELLA CAMPBELL, A.B., A.M., Ph.D., *Instructor in Romance Languages.* Allegheny College.

Instructor, Simmons, from 1908.

Kappa Alpha Theta, Phi Beta Kappa.

EDGAR GROVE EVANS, S.B., Ph.D., *Instructor in Chemistry.* Colgate University, '05; Ph.D., University of Gottingen, '08.

Instructor, Simmons, from 1908.

Papers in the "Annalen der Chemie."

Phi Kappa Psi, Theta Nu Epsilon, Phi Beta Kappa, Beta Delta Beta.

GRACE FLETCHER, *Instructor in Sewing.* Pratt Institute.

Instructor in public schools, Allegheny, Penn., and in Y. W. C. A. evening school, Pittsburgh.

Instructor, Simmons, from 1908.

SARAH ELIZABETH JUDSON, A.B., *Instructor in Chemistry* Vassar College, '03.

Additional courses in Boston University, Barnard College, Simmons College.

Chemist in physician's laboratory, N.Y.

Instructor, Simmons, from 1908.

BERTHA MARION PILLSBURY, A.B., A.M., *Instructor in English.* University of Illinois, '95; A.M., Radcliffe, '98.

Instructor at University of Illinois, at Bryn Mawr; Instructor, Simmons, from 1908.

Phi Beta Kappa.

HESTER RIDLON, S.B., *Instructor in Household Economics.* University of Chicago; S.B., Columbia University.

Instructor, Simmons, from 1908.

Articles in American Home Economics Journal.

Alpha Epsilon Iota, Delta Epsilon, Woman's University Club, N.Y. City. American Home Economics Association, New England Home Economics Association.

ELLA JOSEPHINE SPOONER, *Instructor in Sewing.* Framingham Normal School, '96.

Additional courses at Harvard Summer School, Simmons College, Columbia University Summer School.

Instructor at Perkins Institute, Boston Trade School for Girls; Instructor, Simmons, from 1907.

JENNIE HINMAN WELD, *Instructor in Institutional Management.*

FRANCES GERTRUDE WICK, A.B., A.M., Ph.D., *Instructor in Physics.* Wilson College, '97; A.M., and Ph.D., Cornell University, '06 and '08.

Instructor, Butler High School; Instructor, Simmons, from 1908.
Papers in Physical Reviews.
Sigma Xi.

MIRIAM BIRDSEYE, A.B., *Instructor in Household Economics.* Smith College.

Additional courses at Pratt Institute.
Instructor, Hebrew Technical School for Girls, N. Y. City; Instructor, Simmons, from 1909.

BESSIE MARION BROWN, S.B., *Instructor in Chemistry.* Simmons, '07.

Instructor, Simmons, from 1907.

FLORENCE SOPHRONIA DIALL, *Instructor in Physical Training.* Sargent Normal School of Physical Training, '01.

Additional courses at De Pauw University, Harvard Summer School, Woods Hole Biological Laboratory.
Instructor, Vassar College, Physical Director, Y. W. C. A. Terre Haute, Ind.; Instructor, Simmons, from 1909.
Kappa Alpha Theta.

CHARLOTTE PENNIMAN EBBETS, *Instructor in Household Economics.* Pratt Institute.

Additional courses, University of Pacific.
Dietitian, New York City; Instructor, Simmons, from 1909.

BEULAH CLARK HATCH, S.B., *Instructor in Household Economics.* Simmons, '08.

Instructor, Simmons, from 1909.

JOHN VAN LIEW MORRIS, A.B., *Instructor in Physics and Mathematics.* Harvard, '09.

Instructor, Simmons, from 1909.

MARIE THAYER, *Instructor in Millinery.*

ABBY L. SARGENT, *Lecturer on Cutter Classification.* Salem Normal School.

Librarian, Wilmington, N. C., Middlesex Mechanics' Association, Medford Public Library.

Appalachian Mountain Club, Massachusetts Library Club.

WILLIAM THOMPSON SEDGWICK, Ph.B., Ph.D., *Lecturer on Sanitary Science.* Yale, '77; Ph.D., Johns Hopkins, '81.

Professor of Biology, Massachusetts Institute of Technology; Biologist to Massachusetts Board of Health; Curator Lowell Institute, Boston; Trustee, Simmons College; Lecturer, Simmons, from 1902.

*General Biology; Principles of Sanitary Science and Public Health.*

St. Botolph Club, Warren Farm Golf Club, Board Directors Sharon Sanitorium.

CHARLES KNOWLES BOLTON, A.B., *Lecturer on History of Libraries.* Harvard, '90.

Assistant, Harvard Library; Librarian, Brookline; Librarian, Boston Athenaeum; Lecturer, Simmons, from 1907.

*Saskia, the Wife of Rembrandt; The Private Soldier under Washington;* Editor, *Letters of Hugh, Earl Percy, from Boston and New York, Scotch Irish Pioneers.*

Massachusetts Historical Society, Colonial Society of Massachusetts, Maine Historical Society, Chairman Visiting Committee of Museum of Fine Arts.

ELIOT THWING PUTNAM, A.B., *Lecturer on Architecture.*

STANLEY BRAMPTON PARKER, *Lecturer on Architecture.*

BLANCHE LEONARD MORSE, A.B., *Assistant in Drawing and Design.*

GERTRUDE LEE ALLISON, S.B., *Assistant in the Library.* Simmons, '07.

Assistant, Simmons, from 1907.

ETHEL POWYS STURTEVANT, A.B., S.B., *Assistant in Secretarial Studies.* Tufts, '07; S.B., Simmons, '09.

Assistant, Simmons, from 1908.

Alpha Omicron Pi, Tufts College Alumnae Association.

RUTH BRYANT, S.B., *Assistant in Biology.* Simmons, '09.

Assistant, Simmons, from 1909.

AGNES CHRISTINE EARLY, S.B., *Assistant in Household Economics.* Simmons, '09.

Assistant, Simmons, from 1909.

MARGERY HUGHES, *Assistant in Sewing.*

Instructor, Lima Kindergarten, Santer Mission School; Assistant, Simmons, from 1909.

Tau Kappa Pi.

BERTHA MAY REED, *Assistant in Household Economics.*

MARION SHEPHERD, *Assistant in Sewing.* Stockbridge Summer School, '08 and '09.

Assistant, Simmons, from 1909.

Lend-a-Hand Club.

MARY BOSWORTH STOCKING, *Assistant in Household Economics.*

MABEL WILLIAMS, S.B., *Assistant in the Library.* Simmons, '09.

JANE COMEY WILLIAMS, Ph.B., S.B., *Assistant in Secretarial Studies.* Boston University, '02; S.B., Simmons, '03.

Instructor in Holliston High School; Assistant, Simmons, from 1910.

# History

1870 Death of John Simmons.
1899 November 2. Incorporation.
1902 October 9. Opened for instruction with ——students.
1902 Simmons Hall, 38 St. Botolph Street, opened.
1904 Main college building in Fenway opened.
1904 East, West and Students' Houses opened.
1905 March 14. Authorized to confer degree of B.S.
1905 South Hall, Refectory built.
1907 North Hall built.
1907 Peterborough House opened.
1909 West wing of college built.
1909 Bellevue House opened.

# Alumnae Association


OFFICERS

MARTHA WENTWORTH SUFFREN, *Pres.*
Brooklyn, N. Y.

RUTH BLANCHARD GIBSON, *Vice-Pres.*
Roxbury, Mass.

EVA WHITING WHITE, *Secretary*
Roxbury, Mass.

THEODORA KIMBALL, *Treasurer*
Dorchester, Mass.

DIRECTORS

ALICE HIGGINS
Worcester, Mass.

JESSIE MOORE
Boston, Mass.

LOUISE ANDREWS,
Brookline, Mass.

MARION BURRAGE, *Rec. Sec.*
Cambridge, Mass.


Most persons come to the close of their four years of college life with a very genuine feeling of regret. There are those who have brought to their work no very serious purpose save that of getting their measure of pleasure and profit from the companionship which such a life offers, and there are those who, in seeking to drink to the full of the opportunities offered, give in return the very best that is in them. To both of these the ending is sad, and it is to them that the Alumnae would send their welcome.

Our interest in our college must not die, because we have turned in one day from students into graduates, but rather it should increase, because it is then more within our power to be of use to our Alma Mater. Many of our number are going out to posts of responsibility; they will be then be able to gauge more accurately the true worth of the work they have just completed, and in retrospect commend what they could not value as they passed along. As graduates our responsibility is even greater than as students, for in the years to come the reputation of the college will depend largely upon our accomplishment, and by it will public opinion be swayed.

And so the object of the Alumnae Association is twofold. It must carry on the feeling of comradeship created and become a part of us during our college life, and it must serve as a means whereby our interest and loyalty and responsibility to the college may not be a mere desire in our own minds, but an actual working force.

To the class of 1910, which is this year to be added to our ranks, we extend a most cordial welcome.

MARTHA WENTWORTH SUFFREN

19

10

1910

# Class of 1910

## Officers

MARJORIE C. ELMES
President

ANNIE C. PERRY
Vice-President

ELIZABETH H. EMERSON
Secretary

MARY I. HASKELL
Treasurer

# Recollections of a Senior

O you remember the first day you came to Simmons? My, wasn't it hot? You asked the motorman in a very timid, quavering voice to "stop at Simmons College, please," and he did, and you got off with some other girls and looked around, but you didn't see it anywhere. Nevertheless, you followed them, and when you came to a big gray building with dogs looking out of little cubby-holes 'round the top, you wondered if it was going to be the place. However, as nobody else paid any attention, but walked right by, *you* stopped paying attention and tried to act as if you really knew it wasn't, all the time. In a minute or two you came to what you knew must be Simmons, and you boldly followed the others up the steps and in the door. Of course, if the principal of the high school where you went hadn't perjured himself by certifying that you had a "knowledge of arithmetic sufficient for the application of the fundamental principles," you would have come in several days before and been quite familiar with your surroundings, or if you had been "a dormitory girl" you would have been impressively ushered over by patronizing upperclassmen. Neither of these estates fell to your lot, however, and you stood just inside the door by yourself, very lonesome and very scared. Suddenly a person with a badge dashed forward from a group and laid hands upon you. "Wanna register—Household Ec, Libr'y, Secretarial, Science? C'mon." "Er—Secretarial," you faltered and blindly you followed her impetuous lead, trusting implicitly in her seeming unbounded knowledge of "everything." She led the way into a very hot room which was full of people writing or walking about. Seizing three sheets of printed paper, she thrust them into your hands. "There," she sighed in the tone of "one more over," "write down what it says there, 'n' have the division all right, and fix your hour plan to match it, and take it and have them certify it," and she vanished. You groaned inwardly and cast a longing, beseeching glance toward the door through which her official person had disappeared, but evidently she had gone irrevocably. You learned afterwards that you had been "welcomed" and that was all any ordinary Freshman had any right to expect. You heaved a heartfelt sigh and sat down to write, though you had not the slightest idea what. Feverishly catching up a pen you sought to unravel the

intricacies of those pages and do as you were told, but you simply became more and more confused and began idly to trace the edges of the sunbeams that fell warmly across the desk. Whew, but it was hot! The room grew more crowded and it seemed stifling. What *was* German Ia, and if you took History I-VI, they came together, and, Oh dear, why didn't someone come and explain? And then you gathered yourself together and went and asked someone at a desk, who did explain, and you sat confidently down and did it all wrong. And then it was twelve o'clock and they told you that registration was over for that day and that you were to come in tomorrow. And when you got home, hot, tired, hungry, they asked you if you liked it and you said "Ye-e-es" and wondered inwardly if it was all going to be as hard as that.

We will draw a veil over the ensuing few days with the hundreds of disasters attendant upon "getting a locker," procuring a *fountain* pen which upheld its name by action at *all* times. When you got home, you told "them" you had climbed millions of flights of stairs and you hoped you would sprain your ankle so you could ride in the elevator, and "they" said "You needn't complain, you know how you teased to go there," so then you kept still.

Will you ever forget that first recitation, when the instructor called your name and you blushingly *rose* to recite? The girls on each side of you jerked you down abruptly and whispered disdainfully that "you don't stand up to recite in *college*"; and then you got redder and redder in a perfect agony of embarrassment, while everybody laughed. But then the next day, in another class, someone else did the same thing, so you didn't care and laughed very hard with all the others.

You used to run everywhere those first few weeks. You ran for cars and for trains and you always got to college before quarter of nine at the *latest*. You were very conscientious. Do you remember that time in English I, when they told you to go down to the "B. P. L." and read "Greene's Short History of England"? Of course you never thought of not going! You hurried importantly in and fell down flat about half way up those white marble stairs because they were so kind of dazzly you couldn't see where one ended and the next began. Someone handed you your umbrella and someone else picked up your lunch box which had rolled down the whole length and left a trail of crumbs behind it, and after that, you slowed up. After dutifully "browsing" around Bates Hall as recommended by all departments until three men had come up and asked you what you wanted and did

you know it was for reading only and why didn't you sit down, you finally did sit down at number 29 and awaited the coming of Greene's Short History which you had ordered. After a long, long, long time a spindle-legged anæmic-looking little boy reeled in, staggering under the weight of an armful of gigantic volumes; behind him came a smaller boy pushing a dray effect also heavily laden. They approached your table and began to unload; they piled them up around you in tiers and you watched them idly wondering who could be going to attack that formidable looking fortress; surely not that draggled old man at the other end, bent over a cobwebby little manuscript. Finally your curiosity got the better of you and you leaned over and glanced at the title of one. You saw "Greene's"; a sickening feeling crept over you and you rapidly surveyed them all. So *this* was Greene's Short History of England! As the gasping boy with a heartfelt sigh disemburdened himself of the last volume you rose determinedly, drew on your woolen gloves with a decided jerk, and stalked out. And thereafter, you were a changed being; you had found that after all, even at college, one did not do all that was asked of one. As you look back now, you see that it was really quite a crisis in your career. There have always been a few gullible, unsuspecting souls who would let you take their reading slips "just a jiff so" you could "remember what we had," and strange to say, the eagle-eyed recipients have never, not even in Economics I, seemed to perceive the startling uniformity. Funny, isn't it, how it will take fifty-six girls each just thirty-one minutes to read nine pages in Coman's Industrial History of the United States?

For a while after the Greene's History episode, things went along quite smoothly. You complained a good deal, it is true, but that was just on general principles to give an impression of martyrdom at home, which had certain desirable, practical results, i. e., immunity from doing the dishes on Thursday nights, permission to go to walk Sunday mornings instead of attending church, and the like. Incidentally you did more work than you have ever done since; novelty lured you on to endeavor till of a sudden you pulled up with a telling jerk. Do you remember Hygiene I and the Nervous Mechanism? You used to go into that course and stay for centuries it seemed; you looked to see if your hair hadn't turned gray when you emerged from an interminable session. Well, one day you had to draw a "diagram of the mechanism of the eye during an involuntary wink" and that was not a drawing in which your imagination could aid you materially.

It had to be from the "inside looking out" and *not* from the "outside looking in."

The following Friday when you ran down the hall to ransack the compartment drawer to see what everyone got, you found a sad surprise awaiting you. When you extracted your artistic production from a sorry looking pile, you found you had an F and you were paralyzed with fear. There was obviously but one thing to do! You went straight to Miss Arnold and asked if you couldn't drop History! And of course she said you couldn't, but somehow while you were in there you got the impression that she was saying that you could. It is funny about these appointments with the Dean; during the four years you haven't noticed that, though you have grown older and, it is to be hoped, wiser, there is any appreciable difference in either scene or result. You cry a little, you don't know just why, and she smiles a great deal, and though you entered determined and defiant, you emerge wilted and penitent, and you have never been quite able to decide why.

Do you remember that time the spring of Junior year just before the Dance when you got to cutting so much, and finally as you came in one morning your eyes were greeted by one of those dreaded billet-doux? Then when you got in the office your knees were all shivery and you sat on the tip edge of the chair. My, weren't your hands cold, and yet your head was all hot and throbby. Miss Arnold didn't seem a bit nervous, but took up a pile of white papers and said, "March 27, shorthand, typewriting—why were you unable to be present?" And you scrooched down and tried to look through the back of the sheet to see whether you had written a long or a short one, but you couldn't see anything and you hadn't an idea what you'd written—and—well, you were *sure* you'd *never* be absent again, and then He asked you to go to the Harvard Brown game that came Wednesday afternoon, and you really did need the air, and— Ah, well, the most striking thing about that affair was that He remembered your once saying, "If anything should happen, just call me up on the telephone and they'll leave a note on the board for me," and something did happen, so he called up and the *Dean's secretary* answered, and he said, "Will you please tell Miss — not to meet me in Harvard Square at three this afternoon; the game has been postponed." Naturally you didn't get the message and there were certain complications when you tried to explain why you had cut.

Then there were those examinations! Remember Freshman Mid-years when you could hear the beef-tea cups bump, clatter, rattle, bump

on the elevator and then finally land with a crash? After a breathless suspense Mary and Joe would come in with trays and pass it around. You never took an eye off them till at last you were rewarded—Joe dropped one, the tension broke, and everybody laughed. They told you afterward that the beef-tea was provided by "a friend of the college." You have often wondered since what became of that friend of the college—there have been several little suggestions you would fain have made to such a one. But whether the results attendant on beef-tea-nourished victims were not sufficiently above those ordinarily obtained, you do not know, but you have never heard of him since. Anyhow, he always seemed more or less mythical.

After all, the years have passed quickly. You have thought no doubt that you were horribly abused, but Time has interspersed a kindly veil through which only the sunshine gleams. They were pretty nice years after all, weren't they?

**HELEN MURRAY ADAMS**

Vergennes, Vermont
Middlebury High School, Middlebury, Vt.
Secretarial School
Honor Com. (2)

**GERTRUDE FRANCES BARBOUR**

Wollaston, Massachusetts
Quincy High School, Quincy, Mass.
School of Household Economics
Bastketball 1910

**VIOLA HAZEL BURNHAM**

Montague, Massachusetts
Turners Falls High School, Turner's Falls, Mass.
Secretarial School

### CATHERINE M. CASASSA

Dorchester, Massachusetts
Girls High School, Boston, Mass.
Secretarial School
Glee Club (2) (3)
Basketball 1910

### GRACE MAY CHURCH

East Pembroke, Massachusetts
Rockland High School, Rockland, Mass.
Secretarial School
Honor Com. (4)

### MARGUERITE BUXTON COBB

Washington, D. C.
Central High School, Washington, D. C.
School of Library Science
President 1910 (1)
Vice-President Guild (3)
Sec. Student Government (3)
Pres. Student Government (4)

**MARY RUSSELL CURTIS**

North Tonawanda, New York
Felton High School, No. Tonawanda, N. Y.
School of Library Science
Honor Com. (3)
Class Day Com.

**OLIVE INEZ DUNNICAN**

Dorchester, Massachusetts
Dorchester High School, Dorchester, Mass.
School of Science
Vicè-President Guild (3)
Senior Dance Com.
Associate Editor 1910 Microcosm

**FLORA E. DUTTON**

East Craftsbury, Vermont
St. Johnsbury Academy, St. Johnsbury, Vt.
School of Household Economics
Junior Dance Com.
Honor Com. (3) (4)
Sec. Guild 1910
Ways and Means Com. (4)
Class Day Com.

**MARJORIE CARTER ELMES**

Stoughton, Massachusetts
Miss Brown's Preparatory School, Boston, Mass.
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Vice-President 1910 (2)
Tennis Champion (2)
President 1910 (3) (4)

**ELIZABETH HOMER EMERSON**

Milton, Massachusetts
Milton High School, Milton, Mass.
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Secretary 1910 (4)

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Stoneham High School, Stoneham, Mass.
Secretarial School
Honor Com. (4)

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School of Household Economics

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School of Household Economics

**ALINE FRAZER**

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Portsmouth High School, Portsmouth, N. H.
Secretarial School

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East Milton, Massachusetts
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School of Library Science
Senior Dance Com.

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Bridgewater High School, Bridgewater, Mass.
School of Library Science

**BESSIE EMMA GOFF**

Rehoboth, Massachusetts
English High School, Providence, R. I.
School of Household Economics

### EDITH MILLS GORDON

Milton, Massachusetts
Milton High School, Milton, Mass.
School of Household Economics
Cap and Gown Com.

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Brighton, Massachusetts
Wellesley High School, Wellesley, Mass.
Secretarial School
Glee Club (2) (3) (4)
Junior Dance Com.
Senior Dance Com.
Vice-President Guild (3)

### MARY HASKELL

Bridgton, Maine
Bridgton High School, Bridgton, Me.
School of Library Science
Secretary 1910 (3)
Treasurer 1910 (4)
Junior Dance Com.
Program Com. 1910
Basketball 1910
Editor-in-Chief 1910 Microcosm

**HELEN ESTELLE HORNE**

Milton, Massachusetts
Milton High School, Milton, Mass.
Secretarial School

**MARY STANDIN IRISH**

Utica, New York
Utica Free Academy, Utica, N. Y.
School of Library Science

**SUSIE HELEN JAMES**

Boston, Massachusetts
Girls High School, New Orleans, La.
School of Library Science
Honor Com. (4)
Bulletin Com. (4)
Commencement Com.
Glee Club (4)

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Wollaston, Massachusetts
Quincy High School, Quincy, Mass.
School of Household Economics
Commencement Com.

**ANNISE BOYD KANE**

Spencer, Massachusetts
David Prouty High School, Spencer, Mass.
School of Library Science
Sec. and Treas. Glee Club (3)

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Andover, Massachusetts
Punchard High School, Andover, Mass.
School of Library Science
Honor Com. (2)
Basketball 1910
Commencement Com.
Associate Editor 1910 Microcosm
Glee Club (4)

**ALICE WINIFRED KENDALL**

Concord, New Hampshire
Concord High School, Concord, N. H.
School of Library Science
Commencement Com.

**GRACE AGNES KNIGHT**

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Dorchester High School, Dorchester, Mass.
School of Household Economics
Vice-President 1910 (3)
Class Day Com.
Commencement Com

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Dorchester High School, Dorchester, Mass.
School of Household Economics
Senior Dance Com.
Glee Club Mgr. (4)
Alumnae Music Com.

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Brattleboro High School, Brattleboro, Vt.
School of Library Science
Glee Club (4)
Basketball 1910

**BLANCHE D. MILLS**

Brockton, Massachusetts
Brockton High School, Brockton, Mass.
Secretarial School
Basketball 1910

**HELEN LOCKWOOD MYRICK**

Springfield, Massachusetts
Miss Low's Preparatory School, Stamford, Ct.
School of Household Economics
Junior Dance Com.

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Dorchester, Massachusetts
Gloucester High School, Gloucester, Mass.
Secretarial School

### RUTH PALMER

South Framingham, Massachusetts
Cushing Academy, Ashburnham, Mass.
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Treasurer 1910 (2) (3)
Treasurer Guild 1910
Ways and Means Com. (4)
Glee Club (3) (4)
Class Day Com.

### ANNIE CHISHOLM PERRY

Brookline, Massachusetts
Brookline High School, Brookline, Mass.
Vice-President 1910 (4)
Basketball 1910
Associate Editor 1910 Microcosm

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Haverhill, Massachusetts
Bradford Academy, Bradford, Mass.
School of Household Economics

**LAURA EVELYN RAMSEY**

Gloucester, Massachusetts
Gloucester High School, Gloucester, Mass.
Secretarial School
Honor Com. (3)

**LOUISE JOHN RANDALL**

Wollaston, Massachusetts
Cohasset High School 1905, Cohasset, Mass.
Dedham High School 1906, Dedham, Mass.
Secretarial School
Junior Dance Com.
Glee Club (1) (2) (3) (4)
Basketball 1910
College News Correspondent 1909-10
Business Mgr. 1910 Microcosm

**MARY GERTRUDE ROCK**

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Marlborough High School, Marlborough, Mass.
School of Household Economics
Vice-President 1910 (1)
President 1910 (2)
Commencement Com.
President Guild 1910
Associate Editor 1910 Microcosm

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Charles City, Iowa
Milwaukee-Downer College (1) (2) Milwaukee, Wis.
School of Household Economics

**ELLA CLAIRE RITCHIE**

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Centenary Collegiate Institute, Hackettstown, N. Y.
School of Library Science

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Robinson Seminary, Exeter, N. H.
Secretarial School
Senior Dance Com.

**OLGA FLORENCE SCHROEDER**

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Felton High School, No. Tonawanda, N. Y.
School of Household Economics
Basketball 1910

**RUTH SHATTUCK**

Swampscott, Mass.
Swampscott High School, Swampscott, Mass.
School of Library Science

### JUDITH WINSOR SMITH

Roslindale, Massachusetts
West Roxbury High School, Jamaica Plain, Mass.
Secretarial School
Commencement Com.
Glee Club (4)

### DOROTHY ETHEL WAKEFIELD

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Punchard High School, Andover, Mass.
Secretarial School
Senior Dance Com.
Associate Editor 1910 Microcosm

### MILDRED HAYNES WALKER

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Maynard High School, Maynard, Mass.
School of Household Economics

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Sullivan, Maine
Sullivan High School, Sullivan, Me.
School of Library Science

**ALICE BLANCHE WEBSTER**

Augusta, Maine
Cony High School, Augusta, Me.
School of Household Economics
Basketball 1910

**ELSIE WELLS**

Dorchester, Massachusetts
Oliver Ames High School, North Easton, Mass.
School of Library Science

**FRANCES MARIA WHITCOMB**

Holbrook, Massachusetts
Thayer Academy, Braintree, Mass.
School of Household Economics
Vice-President Guild (3)
Cap and Gown Com.

**ANNABEL MARY YOUNG**

Greensboro, Vermont
Craftsbury Academy, Craftsbury, Vt.
School of Household Economics

CHEMICAL LABORATORY

PHYSICAL LABORATORY

# 1911

# Class of 1911

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CHARLOTTE G. NOYES
Treasurer

# 1911—The Why and the Wherefore

I LOST my way in the forest and wandered lonely until the late moon rising over the trees showed me a narrow path, seemingly but little used. It made its way over hillocks, around fern-covered boulders; then suddenly descending, led me downward over giant roots and creepers until at last I felt beneath my feet the treacherous ooze and pull of marshy land. It was very dark there in the woods. The air was damp, hot, and filled with the heavy, penetrating odor of swamp flowers and decaying vegetation. The tree trunks were covered with slime which clung to my hands. I took one step forward, another, a third, and then sprang back with a little cry; for before me there stretched a great expanse of water, black, inky black in the moonlight, and I stood on the very edge. Had I taken another step—it was well I had gone slowly. I turned to retrace my steps. Ah! Too late, too late! I cried out in alarm. A cloud of mist and fire rose from the water, shutting me in on all sides. Flames curled about me. Strange odors filled the air. "Help! Help!" I shrieked. There was no answer, not a sound—only this awful stillness, and through it all the rush and swirl of hurrying hosts whose forms I could not see. Out of the smoke and the darkness came hands which grasped me, sinewy arms enfolding me; hot, panting breath across my neck, and then I fainted.

"But," said I, "I don't understand why you brought me here. That was an awful fright you gave me. I'll never get over it, and I don't see what you gained by it anyway. Tell me—why—" I stopped and looked at her beseechingly. She was seated in her usual place beneath the magic oak tree, her instruments on the moss beside her and her eyes intent on the crystal globe which hung suspended over the fire. It must have been cut from the heart of some gigantic diamond, and was all of black, with jagged points and spurs which caught the light so that I never tired of gazing at it from a distance, for I dared not come too near. All day long the woman of the woods sat watching, watching the secrets of that strange globe; now moaning as if in bitter pain, now reckoning with various instruments, then breathless, intent, on something I could not see, and sometimes, very rarely, smiling as though well pleased.

She was gazing into it now as if she had not heard my question; but even as I was about to ask again, she turned and, pushing back her long, dark hair, beckoned me to her side. "Child," she began, "my Child, it has been hard waiting, I know. I must send you back into the world again. You must go by the way you came, through fire and smoke and darkness, but you will not fear it now. You must carry word to the others who are toiling, who are weary because they do not know."

I sank down upon the moss beside her. She laid her hand upon my head and I felt strangely happy at her touch. There was a long silence, and then, "I must tell you a story," she whispered. "It is many, many years since I found the magic diamond, the great black diamond with the glowing heart. Dreary years—sad years—filled with misery and pain. I learned the sorrow of the world and I could not find the remedy."

"But what does it show?" I asked wonderingly. "What is the secret of the sphere?"

Low and clear came the answer. "In its black depths are shown the stories of mankind—the wicked laws—the awful crimes. More bitter than the hearts of all my fiends are the lives of many men! Oh, horrid world!" She sprang out into the clearing, flinging her arms aloft in wild entreaty. "How long," she cried, "before the earth is cleansed of its awful load of sin and crime? How long before my daughters set it free? How long, how long?" She paused. The rocks around took up the cry and echoed, "long—long—long—" There was no other answer.

It was some time before she took the story up again, but when she at last spoke it was in a serene and almost cheerful tone. "You must know, Child," she began, "that the world in which you live is a world for men, with man-made laws and institutions. They have striven hard to bring about reforms, to make all things pure and true, but they have lacked the one essential thing, the guiding power of a woman's hand. Without that, all things must fail. Clear shining in my crystal sphere, I saw their struggles; and I pitied them, but it was years before I formed my plan to help. At last one night, my spirits brought me word of a new enterprise, a daring scheme, which planned to give a training in those arts and sciences whch would help women earn a living wage; a college, that is, which was to combine the beautiful with the practical; intellectual activities with business sense. Why, Child, Child, when that news came, my whole great work stood out

clearly before me. I would regenerate the world, and Simmons College should prove the instrument. You ask me why I brought you to my home. Can you not understand? I wished to tell my plan, to send back word. My message you shall carry, for you are one of those whom I have chosen for the work. One thousand were they all at first, one thousand of the finest children on earth—all girls. I found them here, I found them there, I travelled through the countries of the world, and everywhere there grew a child, beautiful, strong, and wise, I chose her for my own. One thousand children were they all, but soon the number lessened. Many died—they were not strong enough to bear the load. Then others proved unfit. I watched them carefully, I trained them well, and when I found the slightest flaw in mind or heart I put that child aside. When at last their course of preparation was complete, when I had guided them through childhood, and led them upwards through the years until they stood upon the threshold of young womanhood, then I spent long days and nights watching, studying carefully each one of those remaining in my care. Some were less kind of heart than others, some were less wise. Each day I separated one or two, until at last on that fair morning, the 19th of September, 1907, I gathered all my little band and brought them to the doors of Simmons College. A noble sight they made. Six score and two, selected from the highest types of girlhood—the finest of my thousand finest of the world. And you were one of them, my Child, you know the truth of what I say. The memory of that College Opening day will long be with you. Great thoughts filled your heart, lofty ambition, noble sentiments were written on your brow. And so with all the rest. It was the fairest class that ever entered through those doors, nor has it changed except to grow in charm. For one long year they struggled with new tasks. I would not have their path made easy, rather did I plan to give them sorrows and adversity. It is by this that character is formed. At night I haunted the Instructors' homes. I whispered in their ears new schemes. I made them try experiments upon you. I told them that you needed extra work. They listened and obeyed. What happened then? One-fifth of all my chosen maids succumbed beneath the load. One-fifth departed for their various homes, or gave up thought of earning a degree. Four-fifths remained. The following year they entered once again; took up the fight with even greater foes. What History had been in Freshman year, Physics or Chemistry became—but worse, far worse, and with it other tasks which filled each day with horror and each night

with dread. And through it all, I sat beside the sphere and saw therein the progress of my own, my chosen class. I also saw the weary-hearted world awaiting in hope the help so soon to come.

This year was marked with one bright spot through all the clouds of gloom. That was the Sophomore Luncheon. You, my Child, with a mistaken sense of duty, stayed at home and studied French; but nearly all the rest gathered together and speedily devoured chicken and cakes. That made them happy. As they ate, they talked. Their laughter rang out loudly, peal on peal of silvery notes, until the whole wide world was gladdened by their joy. But soon it hushed. The Luncheon came upon the sixth of March; the following weeks were dark and strenuous. 'Twas study, study, study, hour by hour, preparing for the awful, final days. A dreadful time, my Child, a fearful time! I dared not make it easy for my girls—I knew that they must struggle for the prize. I knew that some must fail. Final examinations are the magic rod which separates the silver from the gold. My class must be all gold. I sent my demons—clever imps!—to watch the hearts of all the faculty. Each entered there as to his natural home, and slyly, here a word and there a touch, he bent the mighty mind to work his will. Those questions all were formed by demons' hands. With what result? A glorious result! Three-fourths of all my class survived. One-fourth were lost. I wept, but let them go."

There was a long, long silence. The dying fire glowed faintly in the center of the clearing. The moon had set, the stars were growing dim. But the crystal sphere hung like a ball of flame, clear flashes darting from its coal-black heart. Trembling, afraid, I crept up closer to her knee and whispered, "But what will happen now? How many of our Class will still remain? This is our Junior year. Shall we survive? Can we outlast the awful toil to come? And after that—what then?"

Her face grew radiant, and in her eyes there glowed the light of high resolve. "Only the highest, the bravest, the wisest, only the purest gold of all my band will win the prize. They will struggle—persevere—succeed. There is happiness before them. They will be famous for their beauty, wit, and grace; and I shall send a comet to watch over them, to shine upon them as a sign of their superior excellence. They will make glad the hearts of Dean and President; they will rejoice the souls of their Instructors. The Corporation shall come to look upon them as on something rare and very precious. They will be graduated with high honors and then—then shall come the mighty triumph of

my life. I have chosen them, I have trained them, I shall have sent them forth into the world. There shall they overcome all wickedness. They shall reign at the head of one vast movement of reform. Their names shall be shouted from the house-tops; they shall be heralded as those who come to regenerate the world. Thousands will flock to their standards, and we shall see the newly awakened force of womanhood sweeping onward, irresistibly; and in advance, strong, brave, indomitable, will march the little group which I have chosen. This is your history—this is your future. Return—return to the others who are striving and tell them of the destiny awaiting them. Work on—toil on—be not discouraged—for the Class of 1911 cannot fail!"

# Class of 1911

Ackerman, D. Mildred
Allen, Abbie L.
Amery, Elisabeth L.
Armsby, Margaret
Atkinson, Leona B.
Ayres, May
Barker, Muriel
Barnes, Ruth W.
Barrows, Harriet E.
Beverley, Effie R.
Blanchard, Jessie
Burke, Minnie E.
Caryl, Anne F.
Chamberlain, Harriet L.
Cummins, Catherine R.
Davis, Dora E.
Davis, Grace G.
DeCosta, H. Estelle
DeLima, Edith
Dunbar, Mary E.
Dusossoit, Delphine J.
Eliot, Alice
Farrall, Harriet L.
Flagg, Carolyn
Frizzell, Mildred C.
Giddings, Ernestine
Guilder, Ruth P.
Haskell, Alice G.
Hawkes, Abigail T.
Hawley, Marguerite
Hayford, Ruth
Hobbs, Elisabeth
Hopkins, Dorothy
Hopkins, Hilda
Howe, Natalie F.
Hunt, Edith B.
Johnson, Ethel M.
Judkins, Marion L.
Leonard, Fannie G.
Lyman, Eleanor
McPherson, Grace E.
Mason, Maud L.
Morrison, Ivanetta M.
Morse, Elsie E.
Mumford, Gertrude L.
Noyes, Charlotte G.
Nunn, Dorothy C.
Plant, Margaret M.
Platts, Catharine N.
Putnam, Elizabeth G.
Quimby, Ruth E.
Ramsey, L. Evelyn
Reese, Cornelia
Rhodes, Miriam A.
Richardson, Leonora
Robertson, Annie I.
Sander, Margaret J.
Sargent, Florence C.
Scott, Madelaine L.
Slack, Nellie M.
Smith, Miriam
Springfield, Elizabeth L.
Stebbins, Margaret B.
Studley, Lucy A.
Sutcliffe, Marjorie F.
Towle, Lucy I.
Trimmer, Florence
Webster, Alice B.
Weeks, Eva F.
Welch, Grace
Wentworth, Alzira C.
Wilkinson, Jennie B.
Williams, Lillian M.
Withey, Margaret
Woodward, Helen

1912

1912

# Class of 1912

## Officers

GLENNA M. TRUE
President

HILDA HOUGH
Vice-President

HARRIET M. BOSWORTH
Secretary

VIOLA J. ANDERSON
Treasurer

# History of 1912

N the general category of college classifications the Sophomores are, I believe, as a rule, slighted, and considered if not nonenities, as dull necessities, not amusing like the Freshman, not romantic like the Juniors, not grandiose like the Seniors. Poor deluded classifiers, they know not what a glorious thing it is to be a Sophomore. He is a being above the common herd, on a pedestal, as it were, where he has the time and pleasure to observe below him the seething mass of his fellows,—the Freshmen, trembling for fear of the sudden termination of their college career; the Juniors, in agony from the third refusal to their prom.; the Seniors, looking madly for a job. Oh, it is almost magical to be a Sophomore. The second year is a sort of oasis in the college desert, a fresh air farm for the college slums. At least, the Sophomore breathes free and easy. Even studies do not bother him much. Oh, people, look upon us, Simmons 1912, and see true Sophomores. We are a model and an object lesson.

Not of reflected light,
Not of refracted light,
But of ourselves a light!
Oh, you young Freshmen,
Take an example,
Call your companions,
Behold Perfection;
Then when you enter
Into your second year,
You'll ever be thankful
You followed our gleam.

In 1908, we, the class of 1912, entered Simmons. That was the first event of our history—our entrance—and then nothing happened. We fluttered about at the Guild reception knowing no one, but nevertheless busy in finding faint resemblances between certain upper class girls and certain other girls at home. Let us not now in irreverence smile as we think of the lumps that arose in our throats at that time.

The weeks, however, rolled by after a very slow fashion of their

own, and our October class elections came. We travelled on rather shaky ground in those days because we did not know our classmates at all well, but some kind angel must have guided us, for we rose in a body and made Elinor Whitney our first president. Caroline Aldrich was elected vice-president, Dorothy Stanton, secretary, and Hazel Turner, treasurer. We took the colors of the class of 1908—yellow and white—and chose the yellow daisy for our flower.

Our first class venture was the decoration of the Chapel for the Christmas assembly. Margaret Becker was chairman of the committee on decoration and was eminently successful. (Here also let it be known that she paid the sexton for his services, even though he now disclaims all knowledge of the fact).

The first social function to which we as a class were invited was the Baby Party, given by the Seniors. In our shortest frocks and our pinkest stockings, with a ridiculous volubility, we undertook to impress our hostesses. Whether we acted our parts with too much naturalness or not, is still a question, yet it remains that we didn't impress them in the least. They were very nice about it, but we knew they weren't particularly enthusiastic about us. The Juniors tried to make up for any faults of the other classes in regard to us, and always stood ready to help us at our need. They pampered us, even to giving us huge boxes of Page and Shaw's. Yet what matter if we were often treated in a kindly, sisterly, poor-thingly way, our day was yet to come when we should show them that we were the equal of any class that had as yet entered Simmons. They little dreamed that a class which had such a remarkable propensity for getting lost and appearing green, had the making of a—circus.

COMING. FRESHMAN CIRCUS. MAY 1st. IT'S YELLOW, YOU'LL LIKE IT. And did we like it! Indeed it meant much more to us than merely a good time for an afternoon. It meant the beginning of our class spirit, the beginning of our class appreciation, and, in fact, the beginning of our class life.

What is more frolicsome than a circus in May?
What more thrilling for a ring-master to say
Than "Down, Venus, down," and see an elephant kneel
While laughter arises peal after peal?
What is more harrowing than a grizzly bear walking
High on a tight rope, and deaf and dumb talking?
What more wonderful than a human-faced bird

And side-splitting clowns who with antics absurd
Play jokes on the people and do such wild feats
That Mrs. Wiggs' family just jump from their seats,
With all kinds of animals and monkeys galore
Who leap-frog in air and hop on the floor?
What is more deafening than the grand serenade,
Of "Don't feed the animals." "Pink lemonade."
"Just hit the nigger and you'll get a cigar!"
"Keep away from the wild men of Madagascar!"
"She eats them alive," and "Keep to the right,"
While cops in full uniform hover in sight.
What but a horse-race in this world is so grand
While the Merry Widow is played by the band?
And what indeed is there that any may say
Can exceed the delights of a real circus day?

After that our social events came in thick and fast. The Sophomores gave us such a grand time, and such a grand lunch at Marblehead. The day, the ocean, everything was perfect. We are sorry not to have been able to do the same by you, 1913, but we couldn't get a date in the springtime for it.

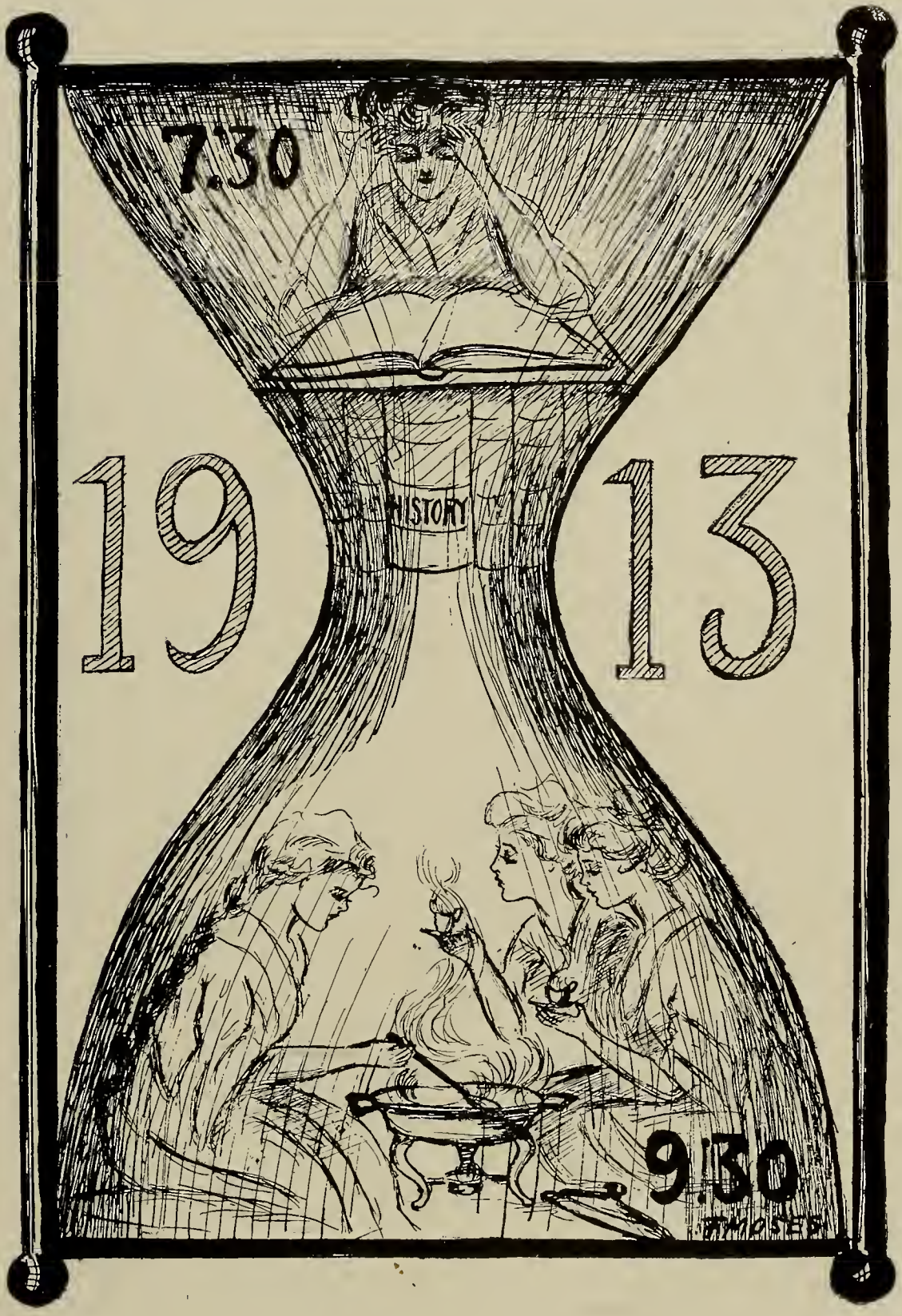
Our crowning event, however, had not come off. It arrived with May fourteenth and the tennis tournament. We, 1912, won. Ruth Symonds was the champion of the day. She brought us to first place in the college athletics. Henceforth our prestige was established.

This year, our second year, is bound to be as glorious. To be sure we started in rather awkwardly by holding an unconstitutional election, which had to be disregarded and a second one held. Let us hope that this argumentative tendency of ours does not lead us to become suffragettes. So far, with Glenna True for president, Hilda Hough for vice-president, Harriet Bosworth for secretary and Viola Anderson for treasurer, the outlook is most satisfactory. As a class we have not as yet done very much. The Seniors entertained us royally on February ninth. We hope they realized our appreciation of their party, for we did our best to win the obstacle, potato, and fat ladies' races. In spite of our good times, the day had its sadness, for we realized that we could have only a few more such good times together. It will be with genuine regret that we lose you this June, Oh, Sister Class.

# Class of 1912

Ida E. Adams
Faythe M. Akers
Caroline E. Aldrich
Helen M. Aldrich
Elsie R. Allen
Viola J. Anderson
Ida D. Antin
Ellen D. Atwell
Dorothy M. Atkinson
Florence K. Babcock
Elsie L. Basset
Alice E. Beale
Margaret E. Becker
Gladys H. Blanchard
Harriet M. Bosworth
Mildred R. Bowen
Eleanor Burnham
Dorothy G. Burpee
Alice Charlton
Sarah M. Chryst
Jennie P. Clement
Maria L. Cobb
Eleanor Cole
Elsie E. Converse
Sara F. Cotter
Helen M. Curtis
Rachel H. Cutter
Amy E. B. Day
Marion J. Dunn
Dorothy S. Englehard
Lydia B. Ely
Kathleen English
Lucy M. Eveleth
Hortensia A. Farrall
Mary S. Fiske
Carolyn D. Flagg
Marjorie L. Foster
Marjorie W. Fox
Olive French
Lucy Fritch
Aldina A. L. Galarneau
Vida Gegenheimer
Florence E. Gillette
Rebecca S. Gross
Mary P. Halliwell
Helen R. Harris
Florence M. Hawkes
Grace Heatley
Marie E. Henderson
D. Margaret Holmes
Helen K. Horton
Mary A. Hosley
Hilda Hough
Katherine P. Johnson
Mary A. Jones
Mabel F. Joslyn
Margaret C. Lee
Edna S. Leland
Viola E. Libby
Esther M. Lindbloom
Marion Loring
Daisy G. Ludden
Susan A. Lyle
Daisy I. McCormick
Marjorie McLean
Mabel A. Magee
Miriam Merrick
Dora W. Moses
Mabel E. Moston
Katherine M. Murphy
Louise B. Nissen
Helen F. Norton
Mary L. O'Kane
Abby H. Parmenter
Clara L. Penney
Helen G. Phelps
Bernice L. Philbrick
Julia H. Pitman
Ruth H. Plympton
Catherine Pratt
Marion H. Pratt
Alberta E. Reed
Elizabeth F. Rock
Nell Sahler
Marguerite H. Sayre
Gladys E. Sharon
Florence E. Smith
Helen M. Smith
Mirian S. Smith
Helen C. Spaulding

Emma G. Stearns
Alice G. Stephens
Gertrude M. Sullivan
Eva F. Swett
Ruth Symonds
Mary L. Talbot
Mildred J. Taylor
Martha S. Thissell
Marjorie F. Thomas
Annie F. Thornton
Glenna M. True
Hazel M. Turner
Helen G. Usher
Helen F. Watson
Mary N. Watson
Elinor Whitney
Eugenia Wilson
Mabel H. Williams
Beulah Wood
Ellen C. Wood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1913
HISTORY
9.30

1913

# Class of 1913

## Officers

JEANETTE E. PELLMAN
President

DOROTHY W. HUGHITT
Vice-President

MARION S. DONALDSON
Secretary

MARY E. BAKER
Treasurer

# Snap-Shots of 1913

Oct. 27, 1910

Dear Ruth:

As a special favor I refrain from the customary "please excuse me for not writing sooner" phrase. I'm here and college is fine. You just ought to hear the conductors on the Huntington Avenue cars yell, "*Cy*-mins Collige!" They appreciate it, too.

Now if you won't make rude remarks about my grammatical errors I'll begin again and tell you all about it. I've learned a lot in the few weeks I've been here (I mean common things, you know, not lessons). When the girls said there wasn't any "cut-system" at Simmons, I thought that meant you could cut anything you chose, but I soon found there was system, all right, in what happened to you afterwards. The only chance you get for a legitimate cut here, is when an instructor oversleeps or gets hung up in the subway, or gives you one out of the kindness of his heart. It is wise, in all cases, I have learned, to keep away from his recitation room the whole period, because once, after we waited ten minutes and the instructor didn't come, and we skipped, something prompted us to return five minutes later and peek through the keyhole. He had come, and when he saw our shadows on the door, he opened it with a beaming smile and an inviting expression like the "Spider and the Fly." Probably anyone but a Freshman would have refused to enter, but we were scared.

I think most of the Freshmen have been in a chronic state of terror ever since they came. Those Maclachlan people in the basement began it by charging $2.75 for a Physics text-book. They must have what is called a nit-conscience, because they'll calmly inform you, just after you've given them your last cent, that you "get a rebate at the end of the year." Oh, do you think that shows they *have* conscience? Well, I don't; I think it is only a bribe—to make you think you get something for nothing, which I've discovered never happens in Boston.

We had a sort of test in History the other day, and when we got our papers back, I had an L. A great many didn't know what the marks stood for, so we asked a Sophomore who was going by. She asked what the majority got and when I said "L's and F's," she said, "Well, L's for Lovely and F's for Fine. Good work, children!" We

hunted for her afterwards with rolls from the lunch-room, but we never found her.

Don't wait so long as I did 'fore you write, will you?

DEC. 31, 1910.

DEAR RUTH:

It was Freshman Day at college to-day. We call it that, you know, on account of the lunch, whenever they serve that greenish soup, cheese salad, and pistachio ice cream. The Freshmen are getting recognized everywhere, now. We thought we were quite important when they asked us to decorate the Chapel Christmas, but when we had to pay $13.50 for the privilege we weren't so keen about it. And no one appreciated it, either, except the Children's Hospital, which got all the wreaths. Sometimes you feel sad to be a Freshman, and others, you're hilariously glad. We're starting out well, though, they all say.

Last week——excuse me, but some one just told me there's a Physics test tomorrow. Good-bye and more later. Love to all.

FEB. 10, 1910.

MY DEAR MISS:

May the wrath of Jupiter descend upon thy head! Blamest thou me that I cram—and cram—and cram? I am hurt and grieved that the word "mid-years" produces in your brain not the feeblest image of our sensations at this time. However, you are forgiven for all abuse. Really, I *had* to study. We all did. And now they're all over, we find that the terrible phrase in the catalogue about students "who do not matriculate during the first term" didn't mean a thing. They say lots of things like that to scare you, I think. You really have to work here, though. But if you did all they expected of you, there wouldn't be a thing at Simmons at all except ghosts floating around the corridors.

Because you were so saucy this is all I shall write—until I receive an apology. Better send it soon if you want to hear about the good times we've had this year.

MAR. 21, 1910.

DEAR RUTH:

Yours received. Apology accepted. Want to hear some great news? The Freshmen can beat all the other classes at Basketball! Why, of course, not all *together*—you know better. Think of it! A class with PINK for a class color can do this. Even Halley's

comet may surprise us by really doing something now, when such a new star as '13 arouses such a commotion.

All the classes had their pictures taken the other day for the "Microscope," or something like that, which is a sort of college book they have every year. When the ugly man took the Freshmen, some horrid Sophs got out in front and made faces at us, and the man's hat kept blowing off all the time, so we laughed and made him mad. Then he took us any old way, without trying to make it nice, and it turned out one of the best of all the pictures. That's Freshman Luck.

Did I tell you about the Card List? It's a new idea of the Dean's —the first horrid idea I've known her to have. If you come a minute late to class, and they don't believe your excuse at the office, they warn you that you'd better be careful. (Of course they're too polite to tell you you lie.) Then if you do it again, they catalogue you in a drawer under A. I. Item etc., like a flower seed advertisement circular. If you really want to see what happens next, you absent yourself unexcused again—and then your people tell you a few thinks. This part is always pleasant, and the next step, too, when you stand on the ragged edge, with nothing to step to, really,—just waiting to be pushed off, or out. Freshmen aren't afraid to travel the way which "leadeth to destruction," though, because they know how to keep off the card-list. I know a Freshman who said, "They told me at the office that I was on the card-list, and desired my presence, but I didn't go to see them, so they wrote again and said they had torn it up"—*it* meaning the card, not the office.

I've arrived at the conclusion that the Freshies have a great many privileges, not granted other students. The elevator man has offered to take members of 1913 (who have paid class dues and signed the constitution) to the Library for one cent apiece, every day except Sunday. Oh, we get the benefit of everything. Even at the Glee Club concert, hardly anyone brought men except the Freshmen. Some of them had three, but they didn't pass them around outside the class—Oh, no. It was a private dance for us, with the other classes for foliage and mural effects. We enjoyed it immensely.

Vacation begins Thursday, and this is the first case I've ever known of loud rejoicing over "ten days." Ruh!

# Class of 1913

Agate, Helen G.
Allin, Margaret
Almy, Helen
Anderson, Mary W.
Annis, I. Marjorie
Avery, Clara E.
Ayer, Doris L.
Babcock, Clarissa G.
Baker, Mary E.
Bell, Dorothy
Bierman, Ethel I.
Boehmke, Helene A.
Bowen, Mildred R.
Brown, Edith S.
Buttrick, Marian
Carrell, Hope G.
Cashman, Rita
Casteels, Lucy
Caswell, Edna R.
Chamberlin, Mary E.
Chapin, Esther S.
Chapman, Margery C.
Chryst, Sarah M.
Clarke, Mazelle L.
Cole, Flora A.
Collins, Jeanette M.
Combe, Hilda A.
Crouse, Lucile S.
Curry, Marcella C.
Curtis, Maud E.
Day, Elizabeth H.
Denison, Anne E.
Diall, Olive E.
Dilman, Mabel A.
Donaldson, Marion S.
Douglas, Wilifred
Dutton, Mary C.
Fernald, Marion F.
Forster, Margaret B.
Frederick, Katherine M.
Frost, Helen T.
Gallagher, Alice R.
Gibbons, Irene N.
Glessner, Hazel G.
Goddard, Marjorie A.
Goldsmith, Anna F.
Gurdy, Marie
Hall, Flora E.
Hamlin, Helen B.
Hawes, Ruth
Hight, Blanche E.
Hinchliff, Jeannette B.
Holden, Evelyn
Holden, Kathryn
Hubbard, Ruth N.
Hughitt, Dorothy W.
Ingalls, Ruth E.
Irwin, Hazel A.
Jacobs, Flora M.
Johnson, Florence P.
Johnston, Laura E.
Kaster, Nellie N.
Keeler, Marion
Kellaway, Elsie M.
Kelly, Anna T.
Kelly, Helen M.
Lane, Jean P.
Leonrad, Amy L.
Locke, Louise
Macardell, Edith C.
McDuff, Blanche G.
McIntyre, Helen C.
Martin, Ruth M.
Maudelstein, Gertrude
Meggat, Gertrude L.
Mercer, Irene B.
Moses, Florence
Nason, Ruby F.
Niles, Margaret H.
Norman, Ruth E.
Page, Mildred W.
Parsons, Edith N.
Payson, Miriam T.
Pearson, Mattie E.
Pellman, Jeanette E.
Pettengill, Mabel D.
Pinks, Vera L.
Platts, Elizabeth F.
Poole, Blanche
Porter, Annabel

Ready, Helen C.
Reed, Anna H.
Ridlon, Margaret
Rine, Rosina E. P.
Robbins, Esther M.
Rose, Ella J.
St. Clair, Sadie
Sampson, Annie H.
Scott, Mary S.
Shepard, Hannah B.
Sibley, Helen
Silver, Margaret D.
Sim, Mildred E.
Smith, Helen M.
Smith, Lois O.
Spear, Mabel A.
Starrett, Mildred H.
Steele, Kathryn N.
Sterling, Anna M.
Stevens, Julia F.
Sullivan, Helen F.
Sumner, Lydia W.
Sweet, Olive A.
Swett, Eva F.
Symonds, Esther M.
Thayer, Margaret T.
Thurston, Elizabeth
Traver, Ruth M.
Tyacke, Dorothy
Walker, Elizabeth M.
Watson, F. Helen
Weed, Helen I.
Wells, Edna A.
Wells, Katharyn W.
Wick, Belle
Wilber, Doris E.
Williams, Marion S.
Woodward, Emily E.
Young, Martha E.

# Specials

Allen, Esme F.
Armington, Elisabeth
Ashenden, Constance
Atkinson, Dorothy M.
Barstow, Helen H.
Bartholomew, Amanda E.
Bentley, Margaret L.
Bicknell, Adaline M.
Blatchford, Dorothy L.
Blodgette, Gladys
Bruner, Ada
Bulkeley, Grace L.
Bull, Edith B.
Burdett, Helen R.
Burtch, Eva A.
Cade, Louisa
Carlton, Maud M.
Carpenter, Margaret
Chase, Ethel M.
Chick, Clara M.
Clark, Alice W.
Clark, Evelyn
Clark, Mildred W.
Cobb, Maria L.
Collord, Edith
Colvin, Marion L.
Cook, Mary H.
Cotter, Sara F.
Crawford, Ruth M.
Dalrymple, Eva M.
Davies, Ruth
Davis, Madeline A.
Day, Amy E. B.
Dean, Emma P.
deBeer, Bessie
Donaldson, Elena H.
Driscoll, Susie G.
Dyer, Orian E.
Farquhar, May F.
Fee, Carolyne B.
Foglesong, Hortense
Fraser, Hortense C.
Freeman, Phoebe H.
Frost, Mabel A.B.
Galt, Grace
Gaskell, Ilabel
George, Alice C.
Gill, Mary F.
Gilliland, Luella G.
Gleason, Marion G.
Greene, Lena R.
Grover, Emma
Hall, Lucile deN.
Hamlen, Mary E.
Harris, Harriett E.
Hartness, Anna J.
Hartness, Helen E.
Hartwell, Marjorie
Hatch, Frances E., A.B.
Hayes, Elvah M.
Hegarty, Mary E.
Hillman, Blanche H.
Holbrook, Alice A.
Holman, Edith C.
Horsfall, Elizabeth L.
Hosley, Mary A.
House, Mary S.
Hughes, Mabelle L.
Hunter, Anita D.
James, Laura G., A.M.
Jones, Etta
Kaster, Martha L.
Keeler, Elsie R.
Kelley, Ruth U.
Kennedy, Laura K.
King, Mary H.
Kingman, Helen P., A.B.
Kinnie, Alma M., A.B.
Kneil, Margaret M.
Lane, Florence M.
Lee, Margaret C.
Leonard, Gertrude H.
Levy, Florence
Lewis, Julia S.
Libbey, Martha J.
Litchfield, Clara B.
Little, Julia
Ludden, Daisy G.
Luton, Alice L.
Luton, Lottie C.

McBride, Mary
McClellan, Ethel
McGrath, M. Elysabeth
McGurk, Katherine L.
McKee, Hallie M.
Macleod, Helen
Mandelstam, Gertrude
Mandrill, Lillian
Mann, Gertrude E., A.B.
Martin, Ella, S.B.
Martin, Helen A.
Masterton, Mildred
Mathews, Harriet
Meehan, Lina
Merrill, Ruth W.
Morrison, Myrtle D.
Myrick, Helen L.
Nellis, Carlotta S.
Newhall, Bernice E.
Noyes, Emma I.
Ober, Alice H.
Osborne, Lucy A.
Osborne, Margaret P.
Ostrander, Bietta
Palmer, Agnes
Paradise, Dorothea C.
Parker, Margaret L.
Parmele, Margaret H.
Patten, Lila A.
Phelps, Ethel L.
Phelps, Helen G.
Piper, Ethel R.
Plant, Amy E.
Plummer, Elizabeth C.
Pratt, Marie L.
Pratt, Marion H.
Prime, Elizabeth N.
Ramsey, Esther H.
Read, Katharine B., A.B.
Rogers, Frances H.
Russell, Sarah
Sahler, Nell
Sargent, Jennie M.
Sayre, Marguerite H.
Schwind, Eugenia
Shaw, Susan W.
Sheehan, Alice A.
Sheldon, Lillian T.
Sherman, Louise R.
Sholes, Bertha
Shryock, Josephine H.
Smith, Dorothy E., A.B.
Smith, Phyllis L.
Spicer, Susan
Stackpole, Grace
Standish, Barbara
Stannard, Emma O.
Sullivan, Katharine C.
Swanburg, Nellie B.
Tarr, Marion L.
Terrell, Inez J.
Thurston, Grace R.
Tracy, Angie E.
Tufts, Henrietta J.
Upham, Dorothy T.
Usher, Helen G.
Wales, Susan H.
Wallace, Julia F.
Wallingford, Miriam C.

COLLEGE
ORGANISATIONS

# The Student Guild

The Guild of Simmons College is a student organization made up of the entire student body. It was formed in 1903, choosing for its name "Guild" which signifies now, as in olden times, union for strength and helpfulness. The scope of the work of the Guild has grown, as the college to which its members give allegiance, until now the good which it might do and which it will continue to strive to do has increased manifestly. Fully realizing the difficulties which beset the path of an organization with such a simple and yet deeply significant purpose, we have chosen a small field in which to work and have left for the classes and clubs the more active accomplishments.

Our Welcoming, Visiting, and Student Aid Committees are, as the names indicate, devoted to the earnest work of making college life pleasanter and happier. The Program Committee supervises all lectures, entertainments and social affairs given by the Guild, and arranges the dates of all college events, posting notices of such on the Students' Calendar. The duties of the Bulletin Committee are to superintend the sale of second-hand books at the beginning of the fall term and to keep the student bulletin boards in order.

For five years the Guild has been an active member of the Women's Intercollegiate Association for Student Government, and has sent delegates annually to the conventions of the association. The Guild dues of fifty cents, expected of every student member, meet the expenses of the delegates' trips, as also those incurred by the various committees during the year

## Officers of the Student Guild

Florence Trimmer — Delphine Dussossoit

Margaret Armsby — Ruth Palmer, Treasurer — Mary G. Rock, President — Flora E. Dutton, Secretary — Margaret S. Davis

# The Student Government Association

The experiment of self-government in the Simmons dormitories was first tried in 1905 at Simmons Hall through the efforts of Juliet Patterson. In the following year the dormitories on Brookline Avenue were opened and the association formally organized in May, 1906. The executive authority is vested in a council made up of a president from the Senior class, a vice-president, who is president of the Guild, a secretary from the Junior class, a treasurer from the Sophomore class. The presidents have been Juliet C. Patterson, 1906-7, Theresa C. Stuart, 1907-8, and Elizabeth Spalding, 1908-9. In 1908 the organization was enlarged to include the Peterborough dormitories. In addition to maintaining order, the association assists in the social life of the dormitories and takes charge of the programs of the Sunday vesper services. During the present year the old system of study-hours with permissions has been abandoned for the quiet hour system.

Marguerite Buxton Cobb

## Council of the Student Government Association

Ruth Palmer — Abbie F. Gammons — Helen G. Phelps — Margaret S. Davis — Harriet Mathews

Lucy A Studley, Secretary — Mary G Rock, Vice-President — Marguerite B. Cobb, President — Glenna M. True, Treasurer — Elsie R. Allen

# Vespers

Under the auspices of the Student Government Association a new committee has been created this year to take charge of vesper services to be held for the dormitory girls every other Sunday at 6.30 in North Hall. The committee includes one girl from each house as follows:

Cornelia Reese, Chairman
Mary Rock
Margaret Withey
Maria Cobb
Charlotte Noyes
Madelaine Scott

The meetings, which consist of singing and a short address, have been well attended and the venture seems to be a popular and successful one. The speakers for the year have been as follows:

Oct. 17. Dean Arnold
Oct. 31. Miss Gloster
Nov. 14. Mr. Charles A. Reese
Dec. 5. Miss Anne Caryl
Jan. 9. President Lefavour
Feb. 13. Miss Cunningham
Feb. 27. Dean Arnold
Mar. 13. Miss Noyes
April 17. Mrs. Merriman
May 1. Mr. Coonst

The Choir

*Director*—Frank Lynes

# The 1910 Microcosm

## Editorial Board

*Editor--in-Chief*, Mary Haskell

*Business Manager*, Louise J. Randall

## Associate Editors

Alice G. Kendall, '10

Mary G. Rock, '10

Olive I. Dunnican, '10

Caroline E. Aldrick, '12

Annie C. Perry, '10

Dorothy E. Wakefield, '10

Abigail T. Hawkes, '11

Elizabeth H. Day, '13

## Editorial Board of the Microcosm, 1910

Dorothy E. Wakefield  Annie C  Perry  Olive I. Dunnican  Caroline E. Aldrick  Mary G. Rock  Elizabeth H. Day
Louise J. Randall  Mary Haskell  Alice G. Kendall

# Glee Club

The Simmons College Glee Club is fast becoming a prominent factor in the college. From the few enthusiasts who started the Club on its upward journey, the number of members has increased during the last two years and has reached the encouraging fifty mark. These faithful fifty succeeded inarranging and giving before an appreciative audience in the college assembly room on March nineteenth, the following delightful program:

| | |
|---|---|
| Greetings | *Mendelssohn* |
| Who Is Sylvia? | *Schubert* |
| Absent | *Metcalf* |
| My Shadow | *Hadley* |
| Over the Water | *Hosmer* |
| Solo: Love Me or Love Me Not | *Serchi* |
| A Model College Girl | *Brown* |
| Berceuse | *Gillespie* |
| Solo: The Danza | *Chadwick* |
| The Policeman | *Smith* |
| Jack and Jill | *Nevin* |
| Barcarolle | *Offenbach* |
| The Sweet Blue Eyes of Springtime | *Rees* |
| Grinds | |
| Alma Mater | *Dean Arnold* |

## MUSIC COMMITTEE

*Chairman*, Glenna True — *Manager*, May C. Martin

## PATRONS

President Lefavour — Miss Pillsbury

Dean Arnold — Mrs. Truman

Miss Gloster

## DANCE COMMITTEE

Cornelia Reese — Elsie Converse

Grace Davis

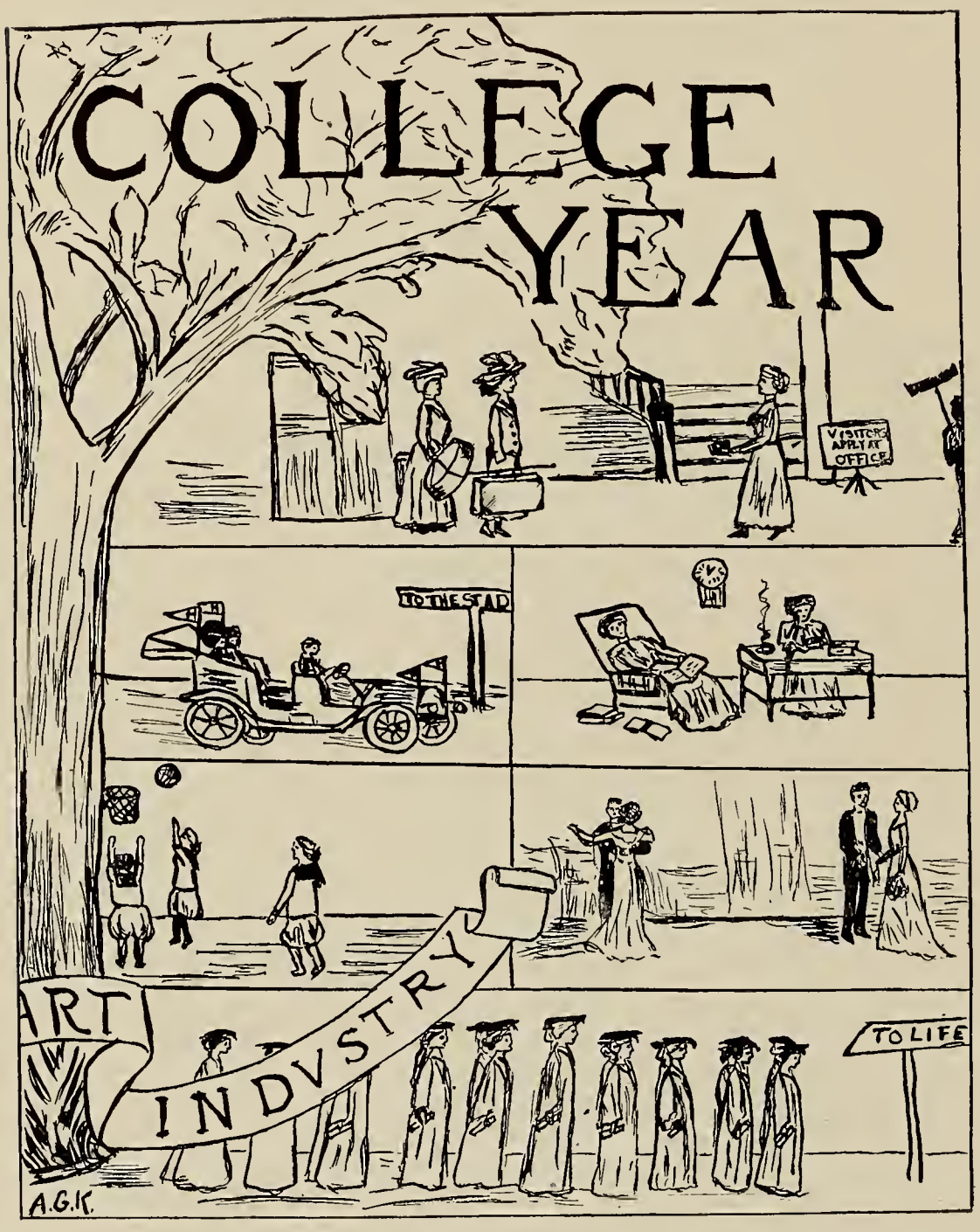
The Glee Club has been practising for the past year with Mr. Frank Lynes and under his competent direction has made excellent progress. The club wishes to extend its hearty appreciation to Mr. Lynes for his work with them; to Mr. Twining Lynes for his able accompaniment; to Miss Alice A. Reese for her charming solo work; and to Miss Jennie Williamson for her violin accompaniment.

Glee Club

LIBRARY A

DORMITORY KITCHEN

# Social Events


COLLEGE
YEAR
VISITORS APPLY AT OFFICE
TO THE STAD
ART
INDVSTRY
TO LIFE
A.G.K.

# Social Calendar 1909-10

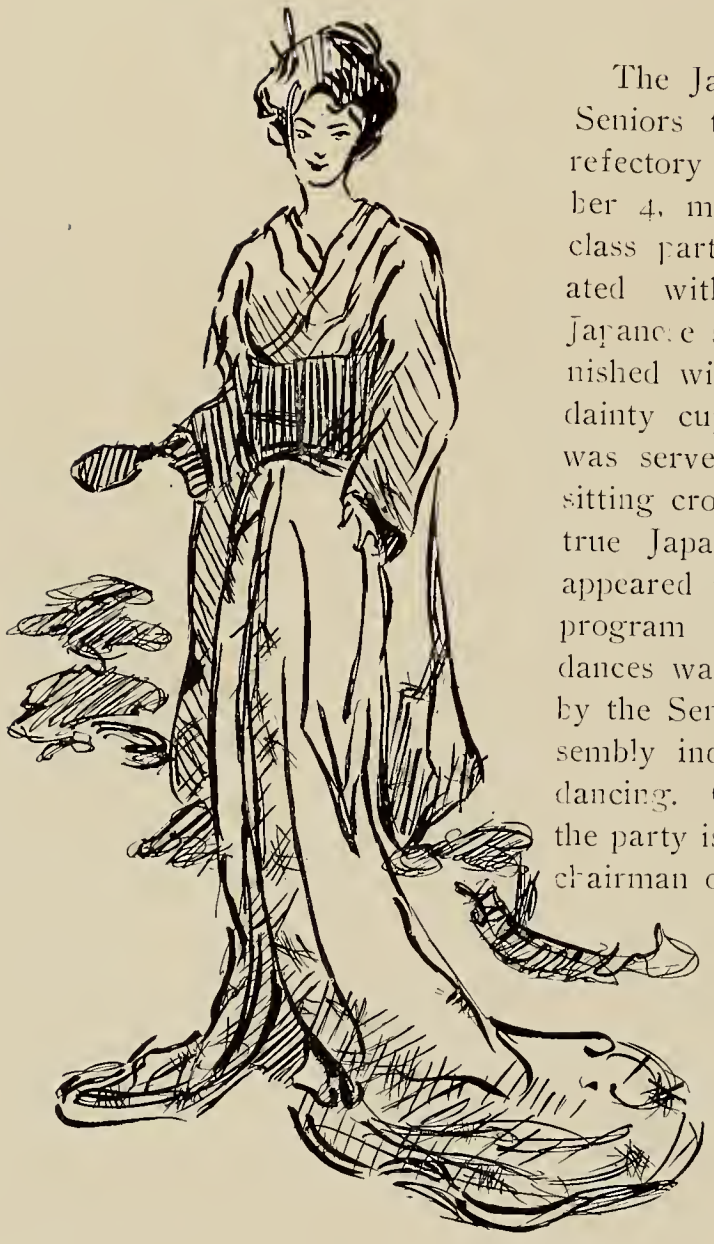
1909

Sept. 25 Student Government Dance to Freshmen.
Oct. 2 Guild Reception to Freshmen.
Oct. 29 Hallowe'en Party.
Dec. 4 Senior-Freshman Party.
Dec. 11 Dartmouth Concert.
Dec. 18 Christmas Party.

1910

Jan. 22 Junior-Freshman Party.
Feb. 12 Senior-Sophomore Party.
Feb. 22 Washington's Birthday Party.
March 12 Sophomore-Freshman Party.
March 19 Glee Club Concert.
April 15 Junior Dance.
April 23 Indoor Meet.
April 30 Sophomore Luncheon.
April 30 Senior Faculty May Party.
May 7 Sophomore-Freshman-Senior Picnic.
May 14 Freshman Frolic.
May 21 Guild Reception and Tennis Tournament.
May 27 Student Government Dance.
June 19-23 Commencement Week.

# Japanese Tea



The Japanese Tea given by the Seniors to the Freshmen in the refectory the afternoon of December 4, may be cited as a typical class party. The hall was decorated with chrysanthemums and Japanese screens. The tables, furnished with copper tea-kettles and dainty cups, lacked legs, and tea was served by the Senior hostess sitting cross-legged on the floor in true Japanese style. The guests appeared in Japanese costume. A program of Japanese songs and dances was arranged and executed by the Seniors, after which the assembly indulged in more tea and dancing. Credit for the success of the party is due to May Martin, the chairman of the committee.

# Dartmouth Concert

GIVEN BY THE DARTMOUTH GLEE CLUB QUARTET, DEC. 11, 1909

Messrs. Peck, Sherwin, Ingersoll, and Meredith

---

Williams True to Purple
*a)* Go Ask Papa

Mighty Lak a Rose
*a)* Dixie Kid

Jenk's Compound
*a)* Take me up, up, up

Medley, 1908

Garden of Roses
*a)* Women

Dartmouth Song

# Junior Dance

April 15, 1910

Now it befell on the appointed night, which was a pleasant evening and warm withal, that there came unto South Hall a goodly number of young men. And the porters who stood by the door opened unto them and each spoke a name as he passed by her. Then the fair messengers sped away and returned with the maidens who found everyone her own knight. There arose anon the sound of music, and dancing made the night merry. Full many an undergrad presséd her face against the window pane, eke the Senior sighed that that bright time should return to her no more. So the night passed with feasting and pleasure sans alloy. And at the stroke of twelve, the dance ceaséd and there were partings in sorrow. But with the morn came much weariness of the flesh and with half a smile and half a tear the Junior murmured "Never again."

## 1910 Junior Dance Committee

Flora E. Dutton  Marjorie C. Elmes  Mary Haskell  Ruth A. Harrington

Helen Myrick  Louise J. Randall  Annie C. Perry

1910 Senior Dance Committee

Mildred Fuller  May C. Martin  Alice J. D. Sanborn  Frances M. Whitcomb  Ruth A. Harrington
Dorothy E. Wakefield  Olive J. Dunnican  Annise B. Kane

# Commencement Week

| | |
|---|---|
| Sunday, June 13, 3 P.M. | Baccalaureate Sermon |
| Monday, June 20, 8 P.M. | Senior Dance |
| Tuesday, June 21, 4.30 P.M. | Class Day Exercises—Spreads |
| 7.30 P.M. | Glee Club Concert |
| Wednesday, June 22, 11 A.M. | Commencement Exercises |
| 1 P.M. | Luncheon given by Alumni to Class of 1910 |
| 8 P.M. | President's Reception |
| Thursday, June 23, 1 P.M. | Senior Luncheon |

ATHLETICS

# Athletics

Athletics at Simmons has, in former years, been represented by an annual class tennis tournament. Although the tournament has every year aroused more and more enthusiasm, the need of an athletic organization, basketball teams, and track practice has been strongly felt. This year the fitting out of a gymnasium in the new west wing of the college building marks the end of such a need. A committee is engaged in drawing up a constitution for the recently-organized Simmons Athletic Association. Class basketball teams have been formed and the first indoor meet held. Tennis courts and an athletic field are in the process of construction behind the west wing. The progress in athletics this year is largely due to the efforts of Miss Florence Diall, the instructor in physical training. Although only a beginning has been made, this has not been faint-hearted and it is easy to foresee the rapid growth of an enthusiastic athletic spirit in the next few years.

## 1910 Basketball Squad

Charles K. Bolton, Honorary Manager  J. Holly Hanford, Honorary Coach

Daisy M. Miller  Cornelia Reese  Mary Haskell  Alice G. Kendall  Blanche Webster  Blanche D. Mills

Catherine Casassa  Olga F. Schroeder  Annie C Perry  Gertrude F. Barbour

## 1911 Basketball Squad

Effie R. Beverley  Marjorie F. Sutcliffe

Madelaine L. Scott  Margaret S. Davis  Nellie M. Slack  Mary E. Dunbar

Jessie L. Blanchard  Margaret Ridlon  Marguerite F. Hawley  Elizabeth G. Putnam

## 1912 Basketball Squad

Glenna M. True  Lydia B. Ely  Olive French

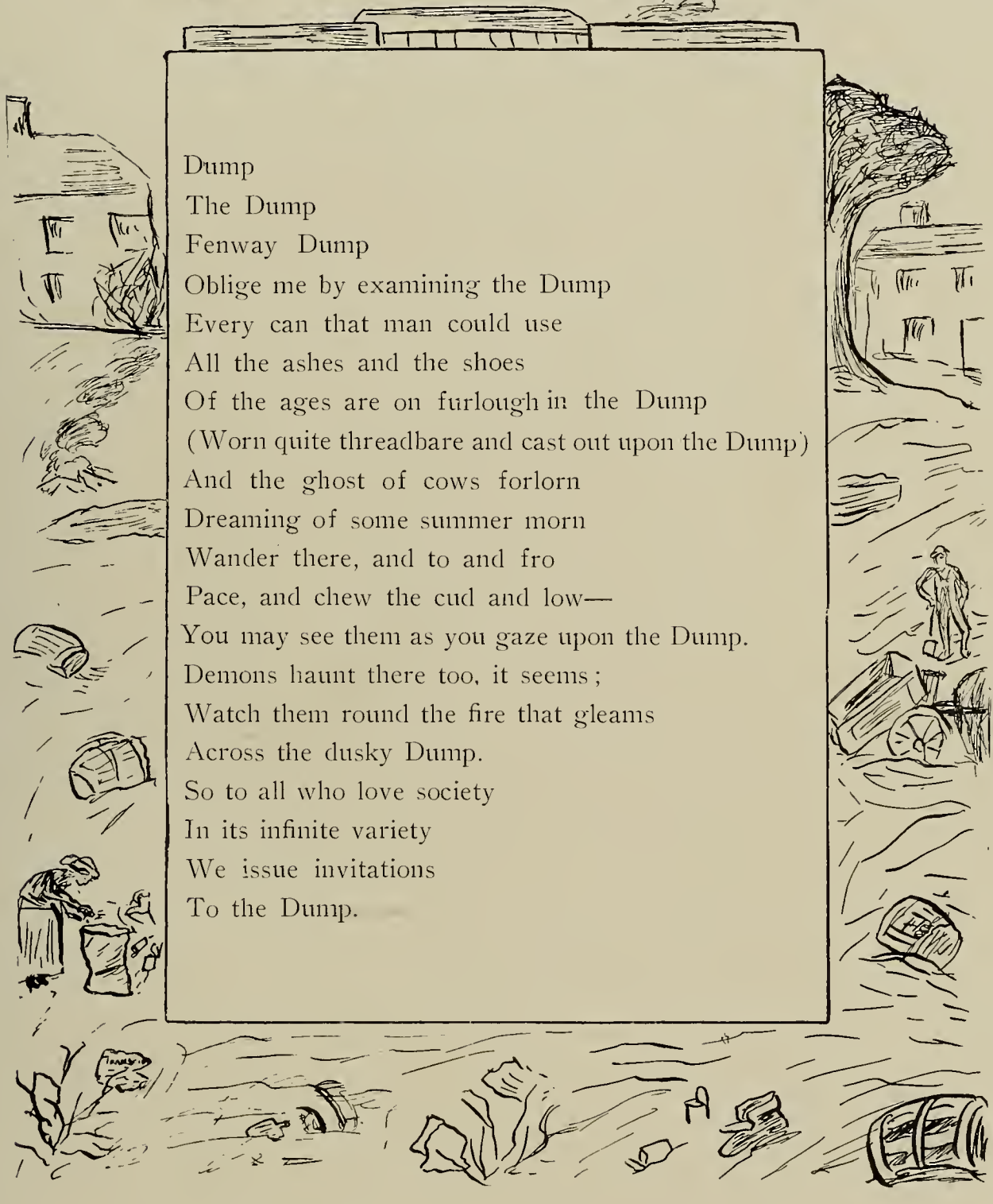
ouise B Nissen  Kathleen English  Dora W. Moses  Aldina A. L. Galarneau  Margaret E. Becker  Ida E. Adams  Mildred R. Bowen  H. Julia Pitm

Harriet M. Bosworth  Daisy J. McCormick  Caroline E. Aldrich  Alice A. Sheehan  Ruth Symonds  Elinor Whitney  Mabel A. Magee

## 1913 Basketball Squad

ie Gurdy Inez J. Terrell Marjorie C. Chapman Henrietta J. Tufts Esther M. Symonds A. M. Kelly Hazel G. Glessner Clarissa G. Babcock
Hope G. Carrell Annabel Porter Orian E Dyer Elizabeth M Walker Emily E. Woodward Dorothy Tyacke
Dorothy W. Hughitt Mary W. Anderson Jeanette E. Pellman Marion S. Donaldson

# THE SIMMONS DUMP



Dump
The Dump
Fenway Dump
Oblige me by examining the Dump
Every can that man could use
All the ashes and the shoes
Of the ages are on furlough in the Dump
(Worn quite threadbare and cast out upon the Dump)
And the ghost of cows forlorn
Dreaming of some summer morn
Wander there, and to and fro
Pace, and chew the cud and low—
You may see them as you gaze upon the Dump.
Demons haunt there too, it seems;
Watch them round the fire that gleams
Across the dusky Dump.
So to all who love society
In its infinite variety
We issue invitations
To the Dump.

# The Self-Maintainers

A College Drama of the Day
In Several Acts
TIME: Before and after Midyear.
PLACE: Snommis Female College.

CAST

COLLEGE SPIRIT: a weakling.
MISS NOLARND: a power.
MR. OLDHILL: another power.
MISS SPARROW: still another power.

Faculty, Library Students, Secretarial Students, Household Ec Students, Others who aren't Students, C. G.'s, and College Cut-ups.

ACT ONE

Curtain rises and a scene in the college hall is discovered, the bulletin board at the background. At first there appears to be no one on the stage. In a minute a thin little girl with yellow hair is seen crouching timdly against the bulletin board. A blue flannel dress clings about her spare little figure. (This has the advantage of following the fashion and enhancing the pathos.) She comes forward falteringly and sings the touching child ballad:

Won't somebody be kind to me?
I'm very small, I know,
But the College Grads and Specials
They shove and hurt me so,
They shove and hurt me so,
They shove and hurt me so,
Oh, the College Grads and Specials,
They shove and hurt me so.

(This unique opening is expected to take with the audience. They will probably express their appreciation by wiping their eyes on the back of one hand and clapping enthusiastically with the other.' Just as she finishes, a gay bunch of faculty dashes in, dressed in the conventional business costume. The gentlemen are wearing their favorite

neckties. The leader of the chorus approaches the College Spirit and grasping her shoulder roughly, says: "How did you wander in here, my good waif? This is the wrong number. Seek succour elsewhere." C. S. exit, crying bitterly. Leader steps to the front and sings in a haughty baritone.

Basketball with Radcliffe!
A preposterous idea!
It would lead the girls to holler
It's not ladylike to cheer.
Besides they might be recognized—
Their movements might be traced,
And if Snommis girls should spotted be
Snommis would be disgraced.

After this they execute a short skirt dance and go off right. Just as the last one disappears with a coquettish kick, a bare-headed girl wearing a dark red sweater (and some other things) peeps around the corner. She comes tip-toeing cautiously on while the orchestra plays startled music; after looking about, she beckons to her companions who come running in, all bare-headed and in sweaters. The first girl sings the solo of "Don't Tell Them That You Saw Us and We Didn't Have a Hat." (As this show is not of the variety generally patronized by "friends of the college," we trust the chorus is safe). Every other line the drums bang and the chorus jump back on their toes alert and listening. As an encore, the girls, having effected lightning changes, come on in gym suits and do a neat fencing dance, very difficult and complicated, which ought to bring down the house with the curtain.

ACT TWO

The curtain rises on a secretarial room in Snommis College. On the stage floor are seen six mammoth typewriters and beside each machine an enormous, powerful-looking eraser. Almost immediately Mr. Oldhill appears at centre, comes down to the front of the stage and strikes an attitude, with right forefinger warningly raised. The orchestra plays a bar and he sings in a hypnotic tenor, "If You Don't Have Forty Hours You Will Never Graduate." At the end of the second stanza commotion is heard from the direction of the typewriter on the extreme right, and the keys begin to jump at a furious rate. Pretty soon the bell rings and a tiny messenger boy enters, takes a telegram (automatically folded and sealed) from the machine and runs across with it to Mr. Oldhill, who stands spellbound with astonishment,

finger still in mid-air. He takes the telegram, and forgetting to drop finger, dexterously opens it with his left hand and his teeth. The audience waits tensely until he begins to read in a dazed fashion, "Cut it out. You look like P. Brooks trying to hail the car in front of Trinity." The actor, after a minute, crumples the paper furiously, drops his right hand, fingers opening and shutting with rage, and gives villainous glances at the daring typewriter. He is to be diverted from his wrath, however, by the applause of the audience (This is a precarious moment for the managers. If the audience shouldn't applaud, no one knows what would happen) which serves to produce a bow and a smile and the third stanza. Exit, singing the chorus. As he goes out, the typewriters and erasers arise and come forward and are seen to be the same chorus girls of the last act, got up in clever disguise. An eraser starts a pandemonium by touching a typewriter and squealing "Tag." This is the signal for a rolicking, unconventional dance, which goes on to orchestra accompaniment until one of the Smiths cries, "You can't touch me, I've got my wires crossed." They form for a modernized Virginia Reel to the tune of "Erase Whene'er You Want To,But Be Sure You Don't Get Caught," and the curtain falls on the second act.

ACT THREE

The third act reveals a scene triumphantly laid in a Library Science room. A good deal of cackling is going on. A unique effect is gained by the device of having the chorus seated at desks. Local color is added by a poignant mixed odor of library paste and black ink. Each of the chorus is armed with a size ruler and a volume of the Library Journal. A library Senior enters from the left and approaches a desk occupied by a C. G. The following dialogue ensues:

C. G., keeping on with the task in which she is absorbed: "Am I in your way?"

Senior, giving contortionist exhibition in attempt to open top drawer: "Oh, no! Don't move."

C. G. politely complies with this request.

C. G. waxes communicative: "How much History of Libraries have you read?"

Senior, out of breath: "Eighteen hours."

C. G., tragically: "Heavens, woman, when?"

Senior, taciturnly: "Second period this morning."

Senior gives up attempt to get a book from the drawer, comes to the front and sings with feeling,

When the College Grads have left us, Genevieve,
There'll be nothing here that's really fit to leave.
We'll be dead, I have no doubt
And the front seats all worn out,
When the College Grads have left us, Genevieve.

C. G., petulantly: "This morning I had to waste forty-eight seconds on the front stoop before they opened the college door. And I didn't half finish my egg at breakfast."

Miss Sparrow, strolling in, catches last words, comes sternly to front and sings with force, "Avoid Egg For Breakfast, Or You'll Never Get a Job." Seniors join in the chorus and the act closes spiritedly.

ACT FOUR

The fourth act is short but tense. The scene is the Household Economics Cooking Laboratory. The chorus wear aprons and carry mixing bowls and spoons. All are on one knee (one apiece) in an anxious semi-circle around the stove. A cooking instructor enters, comes down, opens the oven door, takes out a magnificent smelly structure which she bisects. The semi-circle still anxious. The instructor scans the bisected structure and sings,

It's very stylish outside, but it's awful gooey in,
You must have breathed too heavy when you put it in the tin.
If you ate this, you would die,
Have a care next time you try,
For it's very stylish outside, but it's awful gooey in.
The chorus faints in a body and the curtain drops.

ACT FIVE

Scene same as in Act I. Miss Nolarnd, who was among the faculty chorus in the first act, but had no speaking part, appears again as leader of the faculty chorus and comes down the stage singing that famous number in which humor and pathos are so cleverly mixed, "There'll Be Lots of Empty Places When the Marks Come Out." The chorus girls, in quaint, loose robes, besprinkled with birds, flowers, insects and what not, and wearing Turkish towels bound Grecian-wise below their pompadours, approach slowly with spiritless totter from right centre, disport with seeming carelessness opposite faculty chorus and sing with subdued sadness the ballad, "We've Been Boning Forty Minutes But It Aint No Use." During the last stanza they all fall gradually asleep; the singing trails off into humming and finally de-

velopes into snoring. Just before the final rendition of the refrain the familiar moving-picture-show commandment is thrown upon a screen, "All join in on the chorus." The scene should close effectively with audience and actors snoring rhythmically to dreamy orchestra music.

[The curtain falls to indicate an elapse of four weeks.]

## SCENE II

The curtain rises on the last scene and discovers the faculty chorus and the rejuvenated but meagre student chorus on opposite sides of the stage. The latter sings.

Some say the ranks were high,
And some say the ranks were low,
But anyhow the ranks are rather thin.
Still, we're cheerful now about it
And you surely cannot doubt it,
When you see the college spirit in our grin.

College Spirit comes clambering in with one finger in her timid but friendly smile. She is unaccountably transformed into a healthy Mellins Food specimen. She turns towards the girls and they welcome her with true feminine cordiality and spontaneous outbursts of affection. (The act is marvellous in emotional intensity and deserves highest mention). During this demonstration, the faculty exhibit an expression first of disapproval and then of reluctant assent. Finally one sees in their faces the realization of the fact that the chosen few remaining are worthy to educate and advance the College Spirit. A smile of benign and gracious approbation flits across the countenance of Miss Nolarnd as she raises aloft the child, singing the old-time favorite, "Hail to Thee, Blithe Spirit." The curtain falls on a tableau.

A FRESHMAN FROLIC

# The Commuter's Refrain

We have hung on a strap together,
And swayed with the lurching car.
We have run the gamut of weather
In trips from near and far.
On the Fenway, oh, the Fenway,
On a blistering summer day,
When the sun beats down sans pity
And the dust blows thick and gray.

We have started in early morning
And raced for the train we know
Leaves time to escape the warning
That waits for those who are slow.
On the Fenway, oh, the Fenway,
On a blustering winter day
When the snow whirls high in fury
And the tortured bushes sway.

We have felt the old spring longing
On a fragrant April day.
We have heard the autos gonging,
And the fragrance went away.
On the Fenway, oh, the Fenway,
On a near vacation day,
When the birds sing high and gleeful
And the world says "Come and play."

### WHY, WHY!

Miss Harrington: "What's the matter with 'yours truly'?"
Mrs Eldridge (hastily): "Nothing!"

### IDENTIFYING IT

Miss Roberts: "What kind of a clock?"
Dr. Underwood: "Oh, like the one on the wall—tame clock—domestic clock, you know."

### BARGAINING

Miss Jacobs: "In the exam shall we have to write samples of all the themes we've ever written?"
Dr. Hanford: Oh, no, only remnants."

# Omissions from the Curriculum

By a Well-wisher

We hear from those well qualified to speak from experience, that a new exercise entitled "Two Hours Daily Work with the Burroughs Adding Machine," has recently been introduced into the Secretarial School. Well, it was high time. The pressure on the lever of this machine is something like ten pounds to the square inch, and in operating it steadily for one hundred and twenty minutes without a pause, guarded by one of the vigilant Watch-Dogs of the Secretarial Department, it forms a pleasant little relaxation on a spring afternoon as a climax to a day of strenuous application on the classical and technical end of the course, besides being a nerve and muscle strengthener of no mean dimensions.

As we take our somewhat stubby lead pencil in hand to pen this article, a telegram comes in from the camp of that greatest American of modern times, Mr. James Jeffries, future defender of the supremacy of the white race, to the following effect:

"Can Jeff come back? Well, we guess yes. The Burroughs Adding Machine has done it. Credit where it is due. Two weeks ago, Mr. Jeffries weighed 350 lbs., was weak as an infant, muscles flabby as cotton-batting. The Burroughs Adding Machine was brought into camp on a dray drawn by eight large army mules, and hailed by Jeff and his trainers with buoyant satisfaction. Now see what the B. A. M. has accomplished in a fortnight. To-day, Mr. Jeffries weighs only 105 lbs., is able to read an account of a day's work at Simmons College without visible signs of exhaustion, and his biceps measure, in repose, 24 1-2 inches. Send us another."

All this is interesting and to the point, but why do we stop here? Are there not other equally needed innovations? Let us consider the not at all remote contingency of a Simmons Graduate, having survived the college training table and the rigors of the Back Bay climate, accepting a position with one of the big ship-building concerns. Now, in the matter of pounding rivets on an armored cruiser, would she not be considered deficient in experience? It seems to us that a counterfeit iron deck could easily be planned on the top of Mrs. Gardner's Museum of Fine Arts, from which one of our adaptable and omnipotent faculty could easily toss a white-hot rivet to be caught between large tongs by a pupil of the Secretarial Department, and rapidly pounded into the

South end of the building, which for the purpose should have a light staging erected. In the winter, mittens should be worn for this work.

Again, presupposing the unoffending graduate to have taken a position with the city. The question naturally arises: Is her pick-and-shovel work up to the Chautauqua standard? Has better, speedier, more efficient work been done elsewhere? Can she mentally plan and physically execute a trench in less time than the untutored Dago? Has she done it, not once but constantly during her college career? Dear me, no, overlooked completely.

Of course, one poor faculty cannot adequately supply the missing links among all the students' faculties, but will they not consider before another year, the following supplementary Senior subjects:

1. Invention, construction, and application of the cotton-gin, printing-press, and spinning-jenny.

2. Direction and practical demonstration of the use of the steam-roller, sub-divided into three courses:

   A. Stone-crushing.

   B. Road-rolling.

   C. Firing and cleaning engine on aforesaid machine.

We trust these suggestions will not be brushed lightly aside, for when on the high road to perfect efficiency, push on to the goal, heeding not mental fatigue, physical exhaustion, muscular paralysis, dire misfortune, fatal disease, nay, pause not, in danger of being put on the card catalogue, for Death itself.

# Slips and Slides

INSTRUCTOG: Why did you close the window?

SECRETARIAL JUNIOR, absent-mindedly: Why, the transcript was open and I felt a draft.

MISS WIGGIN: Whatever you do, girls, don't make trouble for your predecessors.

SENIOR (reading shorthand transcript): Your favor of the 32nd received—

MISS MITZLAFF: In the recent future—

Miss Mitzlaff, telling class the history during Joan of Arc's time is interupted by wise Junior: Why, Miss Mitzlaff, I thought Richard III came before Richard II.

## YOU KNOW WHO

With History One
And History Two
He's almost driven mad.
With Reading slips
And Conferences
No wonder he looks sad.

With carrying books
And lunch for two
And dodging girls in the hall
And Genealog-
ical References
You can see why he yawns at us all.

He has quizes galore,
Bibliographies too,
And he needs relief from his care,
So along towards night
Down in one-thirty-eight
He secretly plays solitaire.

## YES, INDEED

FRESHMAN (opening door of English office and looking in: "Is Mr. Hanford here?"

MISS HOLBROOK: "Well, why don't you look around and then guess?"

## PHILOSOPHY

Should you ask me whence these groanings,
Whence these moans and imprecations,
With the wrinkled, anxious forehead,
With the face grown white so sudden,
With the eyes sharp points of color,
Color greatly changed from normal,
With the thin, dilated nostrils,
With the tightening of the red lips,
And the raised and sharpened voices
As of those who cry in anguish,
I should answer, I should tell you
'Tis emotion 'roused by memory,
An emotion I'll allow you
To decide on from the symptoms—
'Roused by memory of a class room
Filled with forty girls or over,
Girls with light hair and with dark hair,
Girls with brains and girls without 'em,
Girls with faculties of bluffing,
Bluffing which determines high marks—
Roused by memory of instructor,
Who, himself, per se, and as such,
Lectured, lectured, lectured, lectured,
Lectured volubly and clearly
With his feet in ten positions,
Ten original positions,
And his eyes upon a point
In that second row of Seniors—
'Roused by memory of a percept,
'Roused by memory of a concept,
'Roused by many vivid memories.
Should you ask me to relate you
Some experiences met there,
I should answer, I should tell you
Of a poor frog near the window—
Frog that hopped when it was prodded,
Hopped and greedily ate sawdust,
Gobbled sawdust with such pathos
That our hearts were wrung to see it,

Tho' 'twas all imagination,
It was only in the mind's eye.
I should answer, I should tell you
Of a heated controversy
'Twixt a student and instructor
All about a common chalk-box
Which he held against his stomach
While exhorting thus the student,
"For example, take this chalk-box—
Is there anything behind it
Does it seem to you, Miss Johnson?"
Courtesy repressed the answer,
Truth compelled her to keep silence,
But the courtesy of the Seniors
Was not equal to such straining,
Burst they into gleeful laughter,
Burst they into shaking giggles,
Well, oh well, they know the answer,
Nothing cryptic to that riddle,
Not a bit of doubt about it.
Later they encountered questions,
Deep and darksome, all-embracing
Infinite in chance for thinking—
Questions awesome and terrific,
Problems such as these that follow:
"Is the green wall green or yellow?"
"Do I see a desk before me?"
(Said in agitated manner
Quite as tragic as Macbeth's words)
"Will the chalk fall if I drop it—
Will it fall or stay in mid-air?"
And some others quite as dreadful,
Quite as puzzling and as hopeless.
Then they heard of Aristotle,
Heard of him and read his writings.
('Twas by graft he got 'em printed)
Which impose upon the public,
The long-suffering reading public,
And they jilted him for Plato,
Ten times worse for ten times longer,

Plato, who believed in justice
So he could not help but talk it,
Talked of it from morn till evening,
Didn't stop to eat his dinner;
Then (most cowardly and disgraceful)
Went and blamed it on another,
Socrates he shoved it onto,
Poor old Soc, all dead and buried,
(Maybe burned—oh, *who* remembers?)
Gone where he could not deny it,
Gone where he could not refute it,
Passed away and gone forever.
Next (oh, yes, I've almost finished)
Were the Cynics forced upon them,
Questions asked about their theories:
"What, oh what was that great spirit
Which rose up before all men with
'I don't care' as its chief motto?"
Someone answered "Eva Tanguay,"
Someone risked a flunk and answered,
Pained and hurt was the instructor
And 'twas long ere he recovered.
Sadly he went on to lecture,
Soaked it to them worse than ever,
Soaked it to them four times weekly
All about five hundred ninnies—
But I'm going to let you off now
It is time to quit this droning.
Go lie down and think it over
Go lie down and offer praises
That 'tis written by a student
Who has had unusual chances,
Understands the human brain and
Recognizes thus its limits
All because she had the course in,
Had the crust to take the course in
That Philosophy and Ethics
Offered by the administrators,
Wise and great administrators,
To the girls who go to Simmons,
Pampered girls who go to Simmons.

# THE HARVARD MAN'S THOUGHTS IN THE FENWAY

Inconstant star that rules my fate
  Through life's most devious way,
Is thy caprice not satiate,
That thou dost tempt me from the straight
And narrow path of faithful state
  By such decoy, today,
And makst me linger when I'm late
  And should be on my way?

You *know* to Grace at Wellesley there,
  And Clara back at Rad,—
And Eleanor at Smith— (I swear
I never saw such corking hair!)
I said that I'd—
    (I wonder where
  A knockdown's to be had,—)
O, star, why don't you use me square?
  Great guns, I've got it bad!

## REST ROOM RULES

1. Kindly make as much noise as possible about entering. Squeaking the door has an especially soothing effect on a sick headache.

1. a. If you can't get time to come in, be sure to *look* in. That is quite as efficacious.

2. Don't hesitate in the least to use all the pillows. Girls who feel really ill do not realize whether they have one or not.

3. Please throw all your books on the floor, one by one, taking as long as you please about it. It creates an ideal atmosphere for rest.

4. Scrape and haul your chair about often, turn leaves of books loudly, and sigh deeply at intervals of five seconds.

5. If a friend should be present, converse volubly with her across the room over various humorous outside subjects. Those studying are interested and can think better.

6. When ready to leave, excite interest in your actions and arouse commotion by singing, dancing, etc.

7. *Always* slam the door. Those disobeying final injunction, No. 7, will be fined and forbidden use of rest room during the remainder of the college year.

## SPRINGTIME

The cow walks chewing here and there
  While I sit on a rock
In the wild, wide waste of Fenway,
  Eating Alfred's last year's stock.

I am not jealous of the cow
  Or her placidity,
For thanks to Alfred's last year's stock
  I chew as long as she.

## TIME TELLS

STUDENT (in sewing): "But Miss —, aren't these sleeve patterns rather full?"

TEACHER: "Well, we've been using them for several years and they've been all right."

## FOLLOWED IT BY ABOUT THIRTY YEARS

DR. DEWING: "Those of you who followed the discussion in the early sixties, will remember—"

## THOSE CONGRESSIONAL RECORDS

Portion of a speech overheard after hours:

The ways of Providence and Miss Jackson are hard. We know that they are right, but in our impotence we cannot understand; we dumbly suffer and trust. But out of our present misery, she will, in her own good time, work us up to a commendable rate of speed and degree of ability.

## HORRORS!

DR. DEWING: "Do you have Miss Dunnican in the Science Course, Dr. Stiles?"

DR. STILES: "Yes, she's the one ewe lamb in the class."

DR. DEWING: "The one I lam!"

We Would Like To See

Maclachlan's prices fall
The faculty at Chapel
Copy for the Microcosm
Dr. Hanford in his office chair at scheduled times
A Tech dorm in the Fenway
M. Fuller on time
Miss Arnold without a special invitation
"Doc" Johnson without an answer
Somebody angry—Psych class
Chapel Day without a headache
Herr Grossman in the same suit twice a week
A chance to cut for fun
Dr. Andrews—minus his sidestep chassé gait
Louis Pasteur Avenue
Dr. Ogg contradicting someone flatly
The Library girls at work
Mr. Hastings with his moustache again
J. Van Liew Morris at a Suffragette meeting
First period recitation—with lessons prepared
Dr. Stiles without his little joke
A man—without a chaperone
Final exams—beforehand

We Would Like To Hear

The Choir

## "GRADU DIVERSO, UNA VIA"

Hear the tired, weary tapping of a foot upon the stair—
'Tis a Senior toiling upward and we've caught her unaware,
Hear her panting, gasping breath,
She is worked almost to death,
For it's four years—four flights—
Climbing mornings—noons—night,
Work—work—work—it will give you your degree,
But the Seniors hate the journey to the Li-bra-ry.

Hear the slow, uncertain shuffling of a foot upon the stair,
'Tis a Junior mounting upward, she has troubles, too, to bear;
Oh, they do pile up the work,
But a Junior is no shirk,
Tho' it's four years—four flights—
Climbing mornings—noons—nights,
Toil—toil—toil—if a Senior you would be,
So the Juniors brave the journey to the Li-bra-ry.

Hear the stealthy, creepy squeaking of a foot upon the stair—
'Tis a Soph'more stealing upward—for till now this thing was rare;
But there's something now to do—
(She's afraid she won't get through)
And it's four years—four flights—
Climbing mornings—noons—nights,
March—march—march—for you need it, all can see,
So the Sophs endure the journey to the Li-bra-ry.

Hear the mad, hilarious racing of a foot upon the stair—
'Tis a Freshie prancing upward, and she has no earthly care;
She's just glad to live and grin,
And she doesn't care a pin
For the four years—four—flights
Climbing mornings—noons—nights,
Skip—hop—jump—for her dancing heart is free,
And the Freshies love the journey to the Li-bra-ry.

## SO SOON?

Dr. Hanford (reading an Old English song): "Well, that title translated means 'My love's gone to the country.'"

## WAFTINGS FROM OLYMPUS

DR. ELDRIDGE: "Ladies, what happened to the Transcript yesterday. Now at Lake George last summer—"

MISS ROBBINS (rapping on the desk): "Young ladies, there are people doing practice work in this room."

MISS COOK: "Don't say 'I don't think.' If you don't think, don't talk."

DR. HANFORD: "That's great stuff. The trick is—"

MISS CRAIG: "Now, girls, the spelling was v-e-r-y bad."

MR. HASTINGS: "A happy phrase, of course, is—"

MISS JACKSON: "The period does *not* close until twenty minutes of twelve."

DR. DEWING: "In the last analysis, per se, jest sech—Oh, Miss Dunnican, did you smile? Oh, I thought—"

MISS HOLBROOK: "Please clasp the door. Anyhow—"

DR. NORRIS: "Well, when the girl came up and spoke to me, of course I had to—"

DR. ANDREWS:<br>DR. OGG: } "You'd better ask Dr. Kingsbury."

DR. UNDERWOOD: "Speaking of policemen, when we were playing ball in Paris—"

DR. KINGSBURY: "Make an outline—"

MISS HOWARD: "Now you know, girls, I never like to scold—"

MISS DIKE: "Someone in my family suffered from—"

MISS PARKER: "When I was in Syracuse—"

DR. CAMPBELL (before making an experiment): "Now, if we are successful—"

MR. MOYER: "Of course you don't understand, but just go ahead—"

## SINGULAR!

DR. UNDERWOOD: "Here's an Italian simile, 'The woman was as lonesome as asparagus.' Do you think it refers to the way the plant grows?"

PROFESSOR GOODELL: "No, I think it refers to the way they serve it in American hotels."

## A DISCOVERY

What is it that has only the dimensions of length and breadth?

ANSWER: Lunch-room butter.

## REMARKABLE EVENTS OF THE YEAR

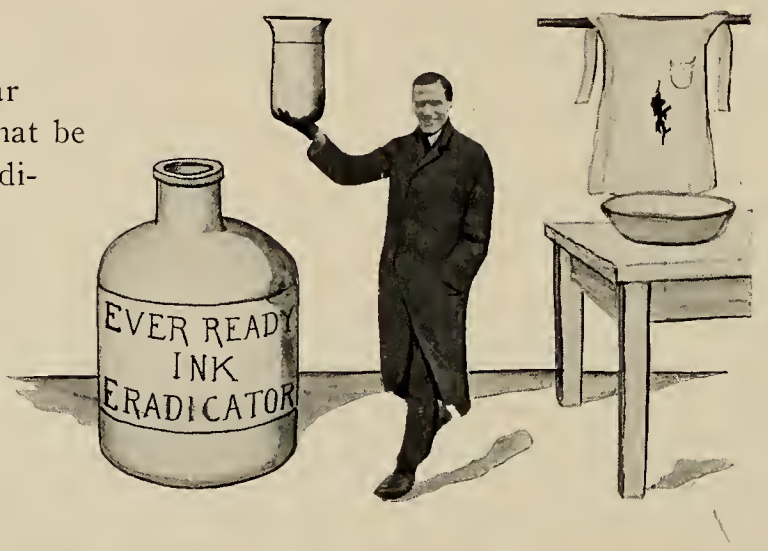
Dr. Hanford appears in English with his other necktie.
Hot soup is served in the lunch-room.
Student gets a free ride in the elevator.
L. Randall hands in theme on time.
The organ ends with the choir.
A Junior pays her Guild dues.
Twelve of the faculty appear at chapel.
Miss Ridlon forgets to say *neyther.*
Miss Diall is seen without a retinue of Sophs.
G. Barbour refrains from cutting for a week.
D. Wakefield contributes to Senior candy sale.
Sophomores conduct class meeting according to Parliamentary law.

## SOPH ON JUNIOR PROM NIGHT

I never cared before to-night
To roll the years away,
But now I wish a twelve-month
Would turn into a day.

## PEN SKETCHES OF POPULAR INSTRUCTORS

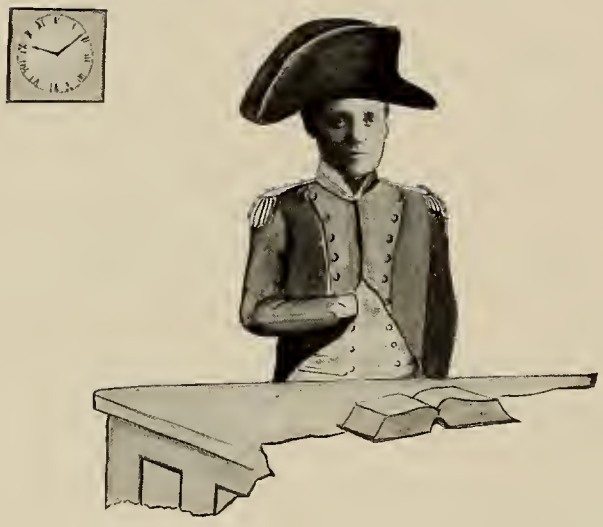
Most obviously popular
Of all the powers that be
Is the Living Ink Eradicator, E. R. E.



The Forceful advertisement
Of good humor's due to him.
He makes Chem. Lab. attractive,
And is known as Sunny Jim.

A certain French professor
(We know this joke's not funny—
We blush with shame to say it)
But it's *true*—they call him Honey.

The embodiment of dignity,
The prince of witty wiles—
We wonder why we love so well
Our Walter Baker Stiles.



A vote for popularity
Would show not far behind
That Napoleonic Lady
With the Economic mind.

Oh, listen to him, Ladies,
His protegées are many.
He bustles 'round with clucking sound,
They call him Eddie Henny.

By some he's thought an Easy Mark.
Unblushingly they're punny.
But anyway to everyone
He's better known as Bunny.

The Infant Prodigy behold.
He writes Philosophy.
All by himself he does it—
The illustrious Per Se.

## CAUGHT IT ON THE BOUNCE

Madame M——: "Give me the verb 'to graze,' Miss G——."

Miss G——(whose thoughts were elsewhere): "What?"

Madame M——: "The verb 'to graze,' Miss G—— 'to graze.' In what do horses graze?"

Miss G——(in sudden enlightenment, with abrupt frankness of knowledge): "Grass!"

## GEMS OF WIT FROM GERMAN 1

Herr Grossman: "Miss ——, how compares the adjective 'gross?' "

Miss ——: "Gross, grosser, grossman—" and it's nice she "mumbled her words."

Student (translating into German): "Er kam—no—kam er—no—er kam—

Herr G——(gracefully fainting against blackboard): "Oh, no, no, no! Ne-f-er must you change—unless I shriek!"

## *WE* WANT TO KNOW

Miss Diall (to Freshman): "You play second half."

Freshman: "Where's that?"

## OBLIGING

Senior (to Freshman): Miss ——, do you play first or second mandolin?"

Freshman (modestly): "It really doesn't matter—I have two."

## A LA WORDSWORTH

*Author's note*: Gazing from the College window, thinking of my English reading, I was much struck by the cheerful industry of the humble junkmen gathering untold treasures from The Dump. At once I thought of the way Wordsworth himself would have treated such a subject, and hence the following, which I consider one of the most spiritual of my compositions.

The day outside is warm and bright,
  Let's leave our studies gloomy,
And in the sunshine and the light,
  Enjoy the Fenway roomy!

Of Wordsworth's teachings then have done!
  Let's put them into being!
And in the warm and pleasant sun,
All nature's joy be seeing.

We'll watch the swans gaily disport
  On Muddy River's breast;
Their raptures shall our fancy court—
  But, Ah! the Dump is best!

For there the junkman mildly glad,
  Pursues his humble trade.
And I confess I'm almost sad
  To see what finds he's made.

One lesson, junkman, every day
  You unto us may give—
If no one threw such junk away,
  How could the junkmen live?

## EXAM TIME

Our Honor System faith abounding has.
  Some schools employ the wily proctor's art.
But, no, they *trust us*, and to prove this so,
  They place all chairs at least ten feet apart.

## WHAT THE TYPEWRITER SAID

A Freshman came to Simmons once
With aspirations high.
They took her to a typewriter
And bade her fingers fly.

They set before her there a chart
With letters green and blue,
And the first letter that she made
They told her must be U.

"Now left, now down," the teacher said,
She did as she was told;
But when she pulled the carriage up
She felt a shudder cold.

For there in black and white she saw
What long she feared was true.
The canny typewriter had writ
U Y U, U J U.

SIMMONS COLLEGE

To the Dean:

I was absent from the following exercises on the days indicated for the reasons given below:

(Write subjects opposite proper day of week. If absence lasted more than a week, write all dates under day of month.)

| | DAY OF MONTH | EXERCISES ~~FROM WHICH ABSENT~~ late |
|---|---|---|
| MON. | | |
| TUES. | | |
| WED. | Jan. 16 | History |
| THUR. | | |
| FRI. | | |
| SAT. | | |

Reason for ~~absence~~ late:

30 min late
Didn't get here
on time

(Signature)

I. M. N. Everlate

Form 47 C 5000 1 '10

SIMMONS COLLEGE

I was absent from the following exercises on the
(ed for the reasons given below:

bjects opposite proper day of week. If absence lasted more than a
dates under day of month.)

to tardy.

| | DAY OF MONTH | EXERCISES ~~FROM~~ WHICH ABSENT |
|---|---|---|
| | | |
| | | |
| | | |
| D. | | |
| UR. | Jan. 17 | History 1-7 |
| RI. | | |
| SAT. | | |

Reason for ~~absence~~ tardiness:

Dear Miss Arnold:

I am so sorry: it will never happen again. This morning, I left home at quarter past five so as to be sure and get here at half past eight. When I got as far as Boylston St at twenty minutes past seven by my watch (Ingersoll), I saw smoke and there evidently was a fire but of course I did not stop to see. Someone said it was the Y. M. C. A., but I ran up to Huntington Ave. but the cars were not running. (Exhibit A, — affidavit of Car Co. that cars did not run) so, though I ran out to college, 3 1/2 miles., I was two minutes late. Please excuse me and I hope the Y. M. C. A. will never burn down again.

I. M. Neverlate
(Signature)

Form 47 C 5000 1 '10

# Before and After the Dean's Meeting

# S. A. A.

The above caption, as of course nearly everybody knows now, is abbreviation of Simmons Annual Anthology, the first volume of which, culled from the inedited metrical effusions of the Officers of Instruction and Administration, is shortly to appear. This notice, which is to serve as a preliminary announcement, is an account of part of my Odyssey, as editor-in-chief in quest of material, and it is intended to give an idea of the difficulties and perils attending the endeavor as well as a sample of the contents of the Anthology.

When I went to the President for copy, my speech was all ready. "Dr. Bolton tells me you have a faculty for writing verse," I said. "I have," he acknowledged. "Will you give me something for the Anthology?" "No," he replied, "I haven't time. Why should I write verse, when, as you say, I have a Faculty for it? Go to the Faculty. Next." The President smiled, but the atmosphere was wintry as his answer was summary. It seemed unseasonable to stay longer. I took the proffered advice and went to the Faculty. At the Dean's office I was told I could not have an interview until eighteen minutes past three the following Thursday, and I must be punctual as the Dean had another appointment at 3.19 and a tea at 3.20. I started to drop in on the German department, but music halted me; a trio—soprano, barytone and tenor—was rendering strange words to a familiar air. Blessing Professor Eldridge and the whole German department for my two-edged training, I stopped and took down the words in shorthand. I transcribe here only the refrain:

Liebchen du,
Höre mal zu:
Ich wage nicht nach Hause nachts zu gehen
An allen Tagen
Die Zeitungen sagen:
"DIEBSTAHL IM PARK GESCHEHEN;"
Drum sass ich allein in dem Y. M. C. A.
Singend wie tausend Krähen:
Es giebt kein Platz wie zu Hause,
Aber nachts wag' ich nicht dahin gehen.

Involuntarily I applauded, though the door remained closed. There was a prompt response:

Ringe um die Finger, Schellen an den Zehen,
Elefanten zur Spazierenfahrt wohin ich auch mag gehen,
So komm—

"Es sind aber nicht Schellen," interrupted Herr Professor Grossmann. "Es sind lieber Klingeln, nicht wahr, Fräulein?" "Weder Klingeln noch Schellen," was the answer. "Glocken sind es; wenn man von hinreichender Grösse ist, Elefanten zum Spazierfahren benutzen zu können, so hat man selbstverständlich Zehen von einer ausserordentlichen——" Professor Nichols interceded: "Die Wahrheit liegt zwischen——" But I was looking for Dichtung, not Wahrheit, so naturally I passed on to the Romance department. Professor Goodell was asking Madame Mottet how many hospitals there were, approximately, in La Ferté-sous Jouarre in 1768. Madame blushed enough to match the wattles of her Chantecler hat. "I really can't remember," she said. I said: "Professor Goodell, I want a poem for the Anthology." "Certainly," he replied obligingly, "Epic, elegiac or lymric? Sit down at the typewriter; I'll dictate." "Make it local," I said, "but not about the dump." (You know there's been literature enough written about the dump to fill it up). "Give us another side of Simmons; Ruggles Street, for instance." "Very well," he said, and began dictating:

I know a kind policeman who
Patrols on Ruggles Street,
I call his club a billy doux,
His round a sugar beat.

He's friendly from his stubby toe
Up to his helmet's brim,
He never takes me up, although
I'm taken up with him.

When life at Simmons loses zest,
I sally forth to see
My copper make a kind arrest—
It is a rest for me.

And yet, though curiosity
Is thought a deadly sin,
Whenever I run out to see
He never runs me in.

Sometimes we quaff the foamy cheer
Before he goes his round;
One day (alas!) they'll take his bier
To Copps Hill burying-ground.

I stopped him there. I hold the record for speed from dictation, but it wasn't up to the fine frenzy of Professor Goodell's impromptus; moreover, I was shocked at the implication of the last stanza and I remonstrated. "The beer?" he asked. "Poetic licence." And he explained that unusual latitude might be conceded to one who spends his weeks at Simmons and his week-ends in Maine. I went on. I stopped at the biology office, but it was vacant. In the class-room beyond, however, written on the blackboard in a familiar and legible hand was the following:

POX BOBUSCUM

Of the germs of disease he was warned,
But he ate of the beef that was corned:
Don't mock at the plight
Of the innocent wight—
He is more to be pitted than scorned.

There are nature-fakers outside of the philosophy courses. I erased this awful thing, but first I made a fair copy.

A quartet from the choir was practicing *sotto voce* in the corridor near the chemistry department. It's melodious, but then so does the chemistry department, I thought in familiar Holmespun. I listened for the words:

"Ev'ry morn we send him violets—"

I understood. Death loves a shining Mark, you know, but Simmons needs him more. Inside the office I asked for poetry. "Sure," said Professor Norris, "anything you like." "Tell muh, then," I murmured, "the story of your life; we all know that under the deep masque of melancholy you always wear, lies the bitter tragedy of a thwarted career. What are your soulful yearnings? What——" "That'll do," he said, "I see what you mean." And he went on:

I sometimes think I wish I might
Have been another man,
Reputed as a shining light
And not an also ran:
But when to one my wish I curb,
Some snake is lurking in the herb.

I'd like to be a Socrates,
A lake of lavish lore,
With pupils prostrate at my knees,
Disciples by the score:
But Xantippe! and then I'd hate
To take my stein of hemlock straight.

Sometimes the fancy strikes me that
I'll play Napoleon
And knock down kingdoms with my bat
To see the kinglets run:
But Saint Helena is so far
From Boston where my interests are.

And other times I think that I
Should like to be a Nero
And fiddle at the firelit sky
Like some Wagnerian hero:
But though an operatic star
They say he wasn't popular.

Here the Professor was stopped by a girl with a test-tube and an appealing voice. "Dr. Evans will continue the yearns for you," he said; "the efficiency of our department depends on the adaptibility of each of its members, at any time, to supply the place of any other." Dr. Evans adjusted his carmine cravat and continued:

Sometimes I think I should prefer
To be like Julius Caesar;
He fought and wrote and made a stir,
The versatile old geezer:
But when "Tu Brute" thought him gay
His finish wasn't far away.

And then again I cast my vote
For Shakespeare too, at times:
He was a poacher and he wrote
Some very clever rhymes:
But then I might get thirty days,
And maybe Bacon wrote the plays.

Sometimes like Washington I've planned
Such little stunts as these:
To be the father of the land
And cut down cherry-trees:
But Georgie never told a lie,
He must be lonely in the sky.

The more I think of it, the more
I think I'd rather be
No demi-godhead to adore,
But only little me:
There is this argument beside:
I couldn't help it if I tried.

If I consulted only my own feelings, I should suppress what happened to me in the English department. It was there (since candor bids me tell all) that I counted on my masterpiece, and might have got it; but I had now developed a certain confidence which, for once, got the better of my tact, for I said breezily to Dr. Hanford: "I've come

to see you, Prof., about some poetry for the Anthology." "That's enough," he said. "If you ever call anyone 'Prof.' again, I hope you may not get off as easily as, by grace of your cosmic ignorance, you are going to get off this time. 'Prof.' may stand for Professor, but I have never known any professor who would stand for 'Prof.' Good afternoon."

I only got over this blow in time to keep my Thursday appointment with the Dean. She received me affably, but regretted that discretion, not to say expediency, prompted her to withold temporarily certain contributions which under happier auguries and not impossible eventual circumstances she might divert to the uses of the Anthology, which enterprise she emphatically, even enthusiastically, indorsed. Then she saw that I was disappointed and that there were only seven seconds left. "On second thought, though," she beamed, "here is the manuscript of some verses left here by Mr. Walliam Witson, who passed through incognito last month and gave me this *impression de voyage*. Though not in the ultimate analysis an indigenous product, its inspiration is local—indeed, this office would be grateful if its publicity could throw some light on the identity of the cryptically anonymous protagonists—Miss Blank, I sent for you to ask——" The Dean was keeping her 3.19 appointment and I sidled out to read the manuscript she had handed me:

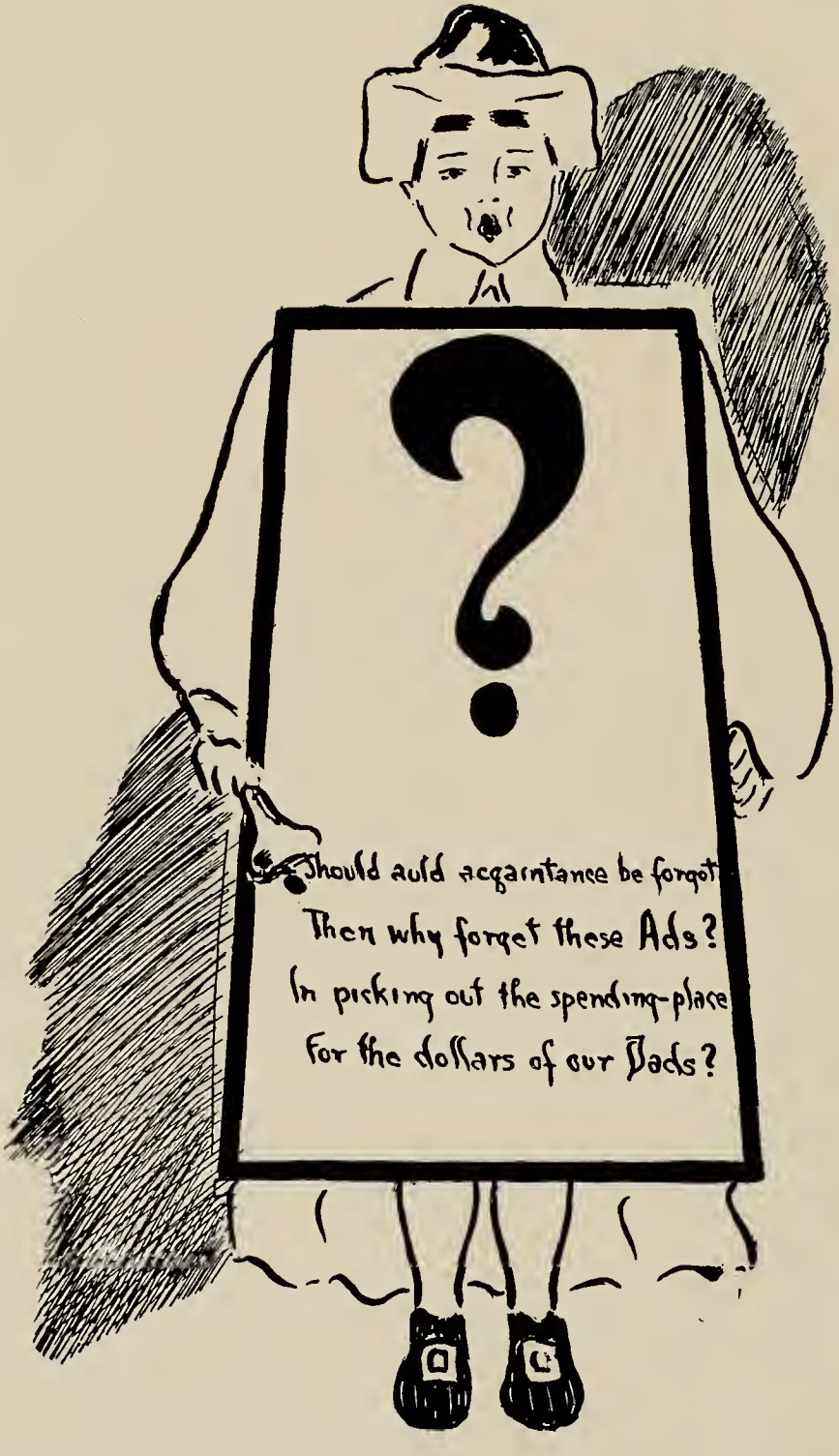
Professor X., who has a taking way
(He thinks), was strolling with a somewhat young
Blithe Junior, when he heard a Freshman say:
"There goes the woman with the serpent's tongue."

The soft and smug professor turned his head
(The only head he'd ever turned, I fear)
And to his fair companion sweetly said:
"I note you have a reputation here."

She murmured lightly: "Were your hearing good
Or if you knew your sobriquet among
Your loving pupils, you'd have understood:
'There goes a woman with the serpent. Stung!'"

The question of identification, I leave an open one. The Anthology, shortly to appear, comprises about four hundred poems, including "Ye mariners of England," acknowledged by both Doctors Campbell—when doctors disagree, we don't decide—love sonnets of a stenographer,

(edited) by Professor Eldridge; the prologue to a comic opera by Professor Parker; The Call of the Dump, or the Summons to Simmons —joint effort of the committee on admission—and this is but a random selection of average merit. The Anthology will be sold by subscription only and orders may be left with any member of the editorial board of the Microcosm. The price is $10, of which $9.90 is due at the time of subscription and the balance upon delivery of the books, of which the edition will be strictly limited and the copies numbered. Immediately after the issue the plates are to be destroyed by Cooking 1 students of guaranteed competency.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Should auld acqaintance be forgot
Then why forget these Ads?
In picking out the spending-place
For the dollars of our Dads?

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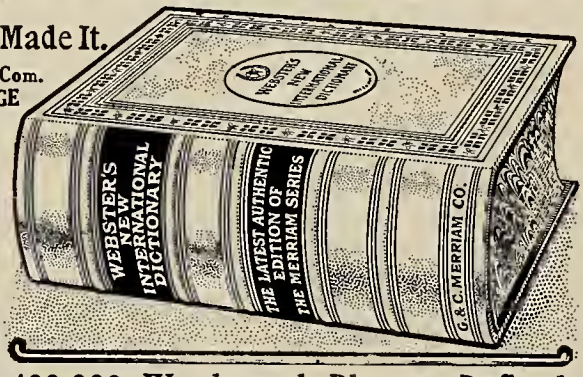


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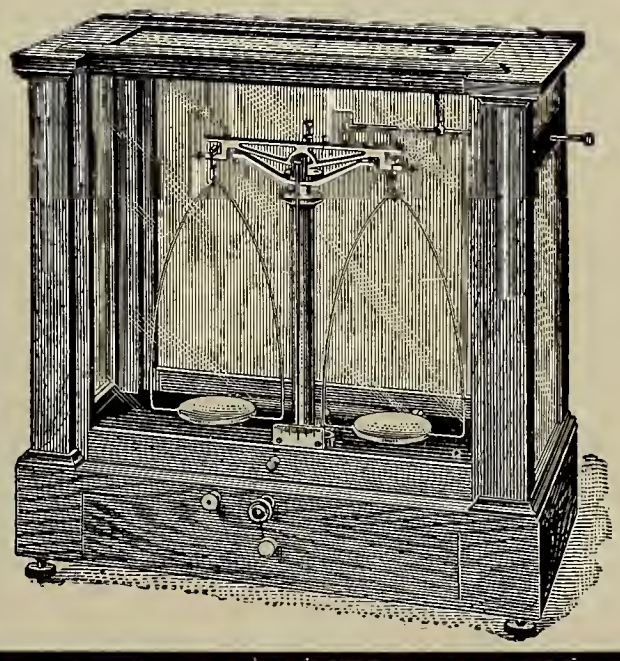

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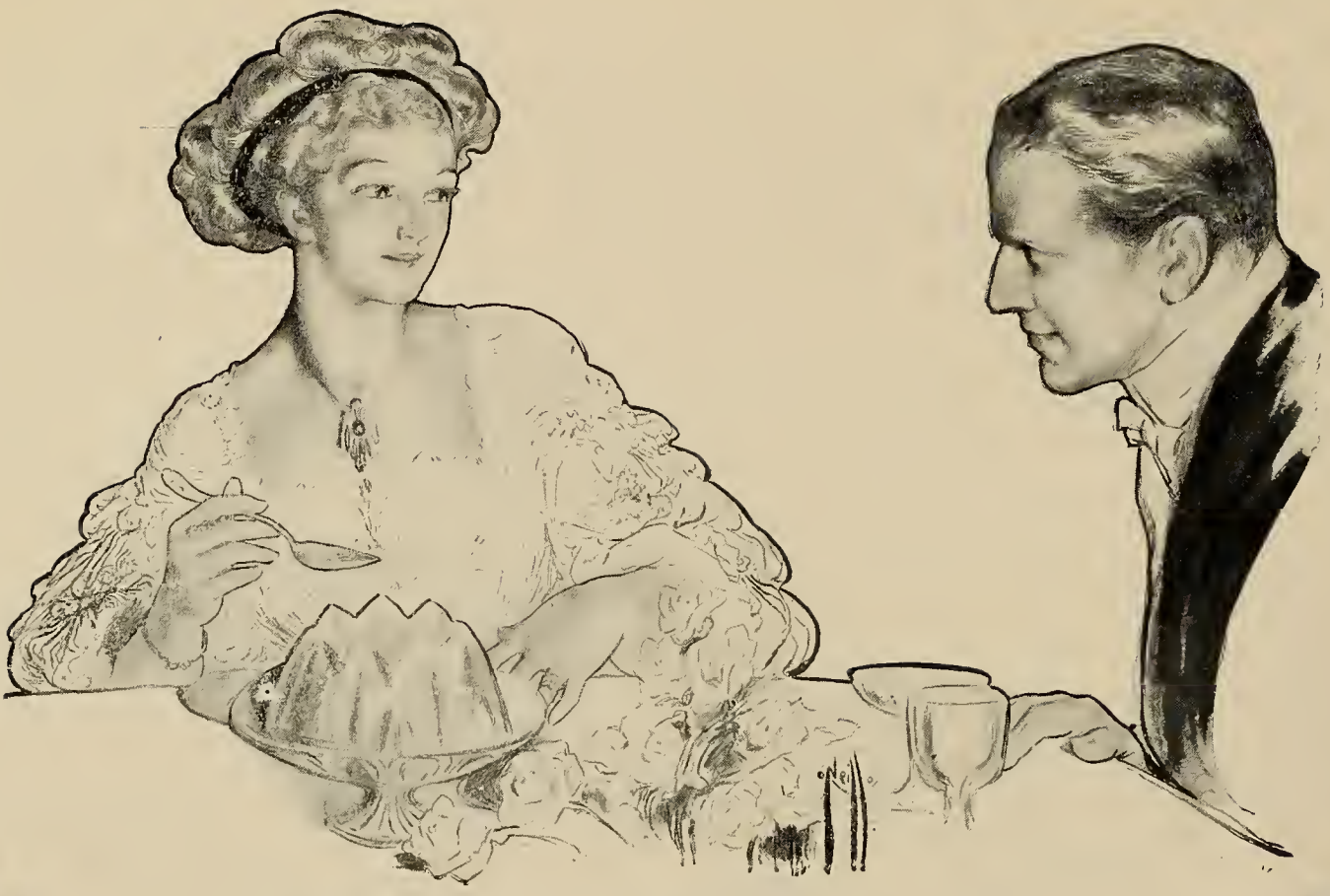

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